MAIN LIBRARY
CIRCULATING
1ST. FLOOR
OCT 2

Theatre Magazine

35 CENTS

NOVEMBER, 1926

For the Lovers of the Stage and the Screen

MISS LENORA ULRIC

From a painting by Rasko

HOW ZIEGFELD MAKES HIS STARS

ORIGINAL

MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

PRINCE CLEMENTE ROSPIGLIOSI
Italian prince, member of the house of Rospigliosi, whose honor roll includes Pope Clement IX. Prince Clemente is but one of the many scions of royalty and nobility the world over who smoke and endorse Melachrino cigarettes.

Melachrino cigarettes are made of the very finest Turkish. No tobacco in the world equals Turkish in delicacy of flavor, aromatic qualities, smoothness and richness.

Il caso riserva nella vita dei grandi piaceri, ed uno di questi grandi piaceri l'ho avuto il giorni in cui conobbi il gusto delle sigarette Melachrino e non posso più fumare altre sigarette

Principe Clemente Rospigliosi
Roma Settembre 1925

TRANSLATION

Through chance we sometimes get great pleasures in life, and one of these unforeseen pleasures I had the first time I tasted a Melachrino cigarette. Since then I cannot smoke any other cigarette.

PRINCE CLEMENTE ROSPIGLIOSI

Plain-Cork or Straw Tips

HT 1926 BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EDWIN FROST JOHNSON, FOR 39 YEARS A GORHAM MASTER CRAFTSMAN

THE DEFT SKILL of the Gorham Master Craftsmen is quickly evidenced by this array of Gorham Sterling flatware It embraces all appropriate forms of ornament, each worthy of its silver; each an investment in fine art and precious metal

Your jeweler will gladly show you any of these patterns.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I NEW YORK, N. Y

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the fifteenth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTIONS $4.00 a year in advance. Yearly indexes 25c. Entered as second-class matter, August 8, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y.; additional entry at the Post Office, Jamaica, N. Y., January 8, 1924, under the act of March 8, 1879.

Magnificent Cuisine
at

The Savoy

Detroit's Newest Hotel

Not only convenient, comfortable and reasonable, but also remarkable for the excellence of the food it offers, the new Savoy, in Detroit, is destined to become famous throughout the United States and Canada.

In the main restaurant of the Savoy (known as the Bohemian Room) inviting club breakfasts and superb *table d'hote* luncheons and dinners are served daily, with *a la carte* service also available at all hours. The 60-Chair Savoy Coffee Shop and the Food Shop afford supplementary services. Nightly dinner and supper dances are held in the Bohemian Room.

The Savoy contains 750 rooms with baths and is situated just six short blocks north of Grand Circus Park, on Woodward Ave., at Adelaide St. Outstanding features of the hotel are the 20-Chair Barber Shop and the 18-Booth Beauty Salon—the Walled-in Garden Court—the International Suites (each decorated in the national style of some foreign country)—the Emergency Hospital —the Florist's Shop—the Humidor —and the Gift Shop.

The advantages of the Savoy are many and varied, yet the rates are astonishingly low, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 per day, with suites and sample rooms from $5.00 to $12.00. Stop at the Savoy next time you are in Detroit and learn that *to be our guest once is to be our friend for always!*

A. B. RILEY
Managing Director

SAVOY Hotel
Detroit

Don't wear heavy shoes in a French railway carriage!

Why? Because the heat radiators are directly beneath the floor and you will be uncomfortable before you've gone five miles.

If you would avoid all the little details of unpreparedness which can make foreign travel a disappointment; if you would like to know many things which can make it more pleasant; ask the department of "Foreign Travel" of THE DRAKE, Chicago's internationally-famous hotel, to help you plan your tour. In Paris, at 11 Rue de Castiglione, THE DRAKE and THE BLACKSTONE are represented by C. C. Drake et Cie. They can materially assist in making your continental sojourn more pleasant.

Come, or write to THE DRAKE, for steamship listings and definite information not obtainable elsewhere. Address "Foreign Travel," care

The DRAKE
CHICAGO
The DRAKE *is under* THE BLACKSTONE *Management*

Hotel WENTWORTH
59 West 46th Street
Near Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

A QUIET, refined, residential Hotel, within easy walking distance of all theatres and the shopping district, yet just out of the hustle and noise.

The ideal place to stop on theatre and shopping trips to town.

CLIFFORD E. MARSHALL
Managing Director

International Service, 76, Rue des Petits-Champs, Paris, France,

offers a free and personal service that is unsurpassed. The organization functions primarily in the interests of its Representations, and in so doing has built up a free service to the American travelling in Europe that is for the asking. This service embraces absolutely every need that the tourist is ever likely to encounter while on the Continent, whether it be a tour by land, sea or air, a hotel reservation in a distant city, a shopping tour in Paris or any of the infinite detail incident to travel abroad.

Reduced
Ambassador
Fall Rate for
Atlantic City

400 Rooms
$10 Per Day
Or Less
For Two People

A Big
Investment in
Health
A Small
Investment in
Money.

Make Your Reservations NOW!

The Ambassador
ATLANTIC CITY

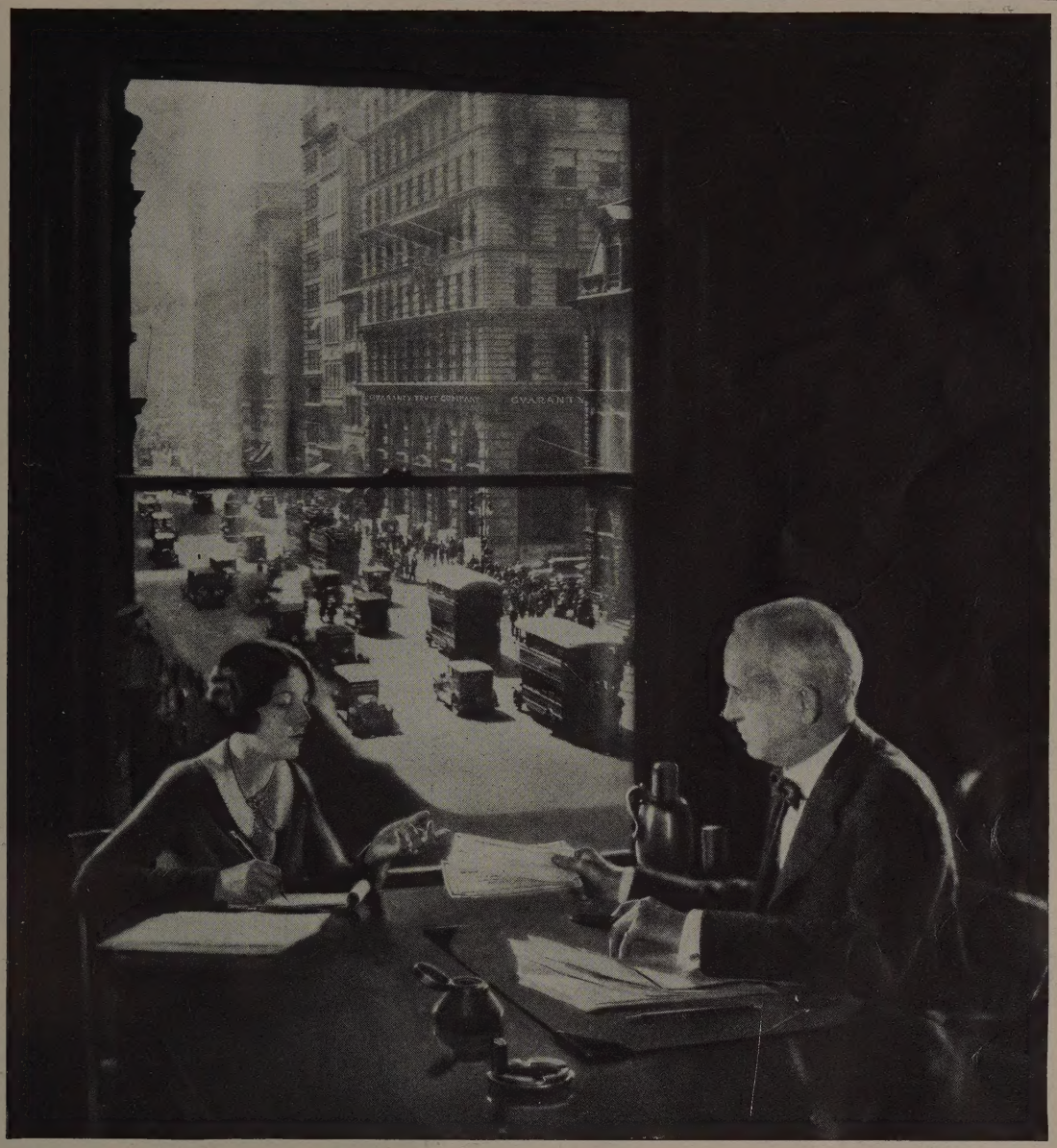
The Shelburne
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.
Directly facing the sea
OPEN ALL THE YEAR
New Fireproof Addition
Proprietary Management
Jacob Wikel

Green Hill Farms
OVERBROOK, PA.
PHILADELPHIA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN HOTEL
EUROPEAN PLAN
Overlooking Overbrook Golf Course · Golf and Tennis Privileges · On the Lincoln Highway and Belt Line at Intersection of City Line & Lancaster Pike
12 minutes from City Hall
Fireproof Garage
L. ELLSWORTH METCALF
MANAGER

ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK?

When planning a trip to New York, write for a copy of the latest PLAY GUIDE, enclosing 4c for mailing. If you live in New York, you will find it equally valuable for quick reference to all the plays on Broadway.

Address: The Play Guide,
THEATRE MAGAZINE,
2 West 45th St., New York.



"Deposit These Checks in My Guaranty Account"

MANY of the business and professional men of the uptown section keep their personal, as well as their business accounts, at this Office. They have found that they can be sure of courteous and intelligent service at all times. They know that they have at their disposal capable assistance in many of the vexing financial problems that come up from day to day.

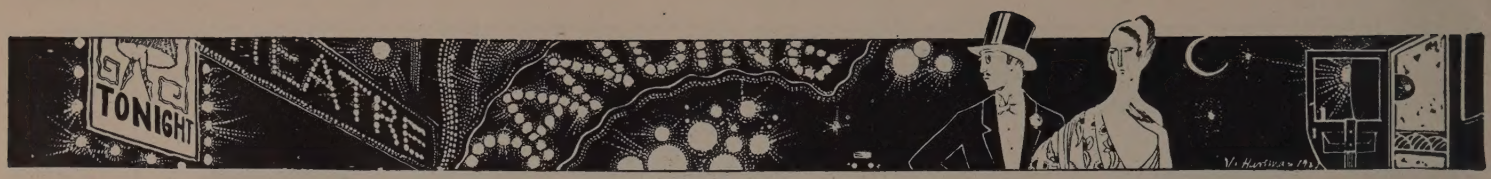
They know, also, that they can command, whenever need arises, at home or abroad, modern and complete banking and trust facilities.

We invite you *to consider this Office for your bank account.*

FIFTH AVENUE OFFICE

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE AND 44TH STREET



"HICKS' STEAMER BASKET"

A Basket of Fruit for the

STEAMER - TRAIN
FRIENDS AT THE HOTEL
for
ANYBODY - ANYWHERE

You are invited to visit

"THE BALCONY"

a delightful place for Luncheon and Tea, where excellent food and service prevail.

H. HICKS & SON
INCORPORATED
675 FIFTH AVENUE AT 53RD STREET
NEW YORK

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners at rates including hotels, guides, drives and fees.

121 days, $1250 to $2900
ROUND THE WORLD
s s "California" sailing Jan. 19

7TH CRUISE; 19 DAYS JAPAN-CHINA; OPTION 17 DAYS INDIA; PALESTINE AND GREECE; also includes Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, Manila, Java, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy and the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

62 days, $600 to $1700
MEDITERRANEAN
s s "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 29

23RD CRUISE; SPAIN (Madrid-Cordova-Granada) 15 DAYS PALESTINE AND EGYPT; also includes Madeira, Lisbon, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, Italy and the Riviera. Europe stop-overs

FRANK C. CLARK
Times Building, New York

PHOTO BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

Lovely Gardens has Japan

$1250 and up
Round the World

110 DAYS of glorious adventure in 22 ports in 14 countries. Interesting lands, strange people, all the color and mysticism of the Orient.

Palatial President Liners. Commodious outside rooms. A world-famous cuisine. Sailings every Saturday from San Francisco (every fortnight from Boston and New York).

Dollar Steamship Line
Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco
604 Fifth Avenue, New York

Traveling with the Stars

MARIE DRESSLER

Despite these "faux pas" in Paris—Lands safe on American shores

BEFORE I boarded the steamship *Paris,* I went down to the New York docks a few times, so that when the "smart" passengers would ask me whether I'd ever seen Paris before—I could say "yes" and still go to heaven when I die.

When I got to Paris I met my friend Nella Webb. "Nella," I said, "if you want to buy anything here, always offer them half what they ask for anything." The next day Nella went to the Guaranty Trust Company and said, "How much will five thousand francs cost me." "One hundred and forty-six dollars," said the cashier. "I'll give you seventy-five dollars," she said. The cashier pushed a button and a kindly officer sent Nella back to me.

Traffic in Paris is getting worse each year. If you get run down, you get run in, which sounds like a paradox, but it's the truth.

We went to Château Madrid for dinner. They brought us a bottle of vintage wine. "This," said the garçon, "is seventy-five years old." "My goodness," said Nella, "isn't it small for its age."

I didn't know whether we should go to Germany or buy a motorcycle. Nella was for the latter. She claimed one could see more of the country from a side-car than from the inside of a French limousine. I remember how she remarked on the discomforts caused her by my new wheel base.

We decided to make a few pictures in France. Harry Reichenbach wrote the scenarios. I don't remember whether he got his gags out of Joe Miller or James Madison—several of them were salable as antiques, being the early Lasky period. Anyhow we started to make them. Our first was to be made at Versailles. We wanted to get a permit to work at the Palace and before the château at Fontainebleau. We worked our way up to the Premier but just as he was about to sign the papers—the cabinet fell. He apologized and said, in French what sounded like, "see my successor." The next Premier only lasted a few hours, and as it took us more than that length of time to get into his office, we missed him but bumped into Poincaré as he was going into the executive office. "Sign this," I said, "before you get fired"—and darned if he didn't.

Paris is easily the largest American city, next to New York.

We had to leave Paris to locate a French type to work in our film and then we got an Italian. When we were in Paris the franc was fifty to the dollar and it was a race between it and the cabinet. The advantage, however, was with the franc—it could go up. But the cabinet won out eventually, as it fell farther than the franc ever could.

Naturally, Nella never said anything I quote above. Nella never says anything out of place. She reads horoscopes and is forever conversing with the stars and the planets—and nothing happened as I've written it above, for everything happens for the best in France. But I had to try to be comical because I was a comical woman, or rather the Shuberts thought I was a comical woman and that's that.

You know, I'm a great one for absorbing atmosphere. After meeting all the starving Princes and Princesses and penniless Marquis and Marquises—began to feel like a Queen myself—so I just had to return on the *Majestic.*

THE
John Murray Anderson-Robert Milton
SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE AND DANCE
128-130 EAST 58th STREET
Telephone Plaza 4524

Offers comprehensive courses in every branch of the Dramatic Art, including

DRAMA, MUSICAL COMEDY, SCENIC and COSTUME DESIGN, STAGE MANAGEMENT and DIRECTION, PLAY-WRITING

Under a Most Distinguished Faculty, including

John Murray Anderson
David Burton
Clark Robinson
James Light
Robert Bell
Augustus Barratt
Robert Milton
Samuel Kayzer
Charlton Andrews
Bertram Bloch
Pilar-Morin
Martha Graham
Michio Ito
And others

Also class and private instruction in every type of stage dancing, including musical comedy, ballet, acrobatic, eccentric, etc.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR STUDENTS OF ABILITY TO SECURE PROFESSIONAL ENGAGEMENTS

Write or telephone for full particulars and catalogue

Investigate Before You Invest

MR. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to

Eliminate the Loss In Investments

A safe-guard that may save you from the loss of thousands of dollars.

A copy of this Questionnaire may be had for the asking—it is free.

The Financial Article appearing in the November issue of *Harper's Magazine* will also help solve your investment problems.

Harpers
MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

FOR YOU—THE UTMOST MAGIC OF THE SCREEN

TO give you the utmost magic of the screen—that is the mission of Fox Pictures! To this end, the greatest hits of the stage are being converted into Fox Photoplays by directors who have been selected because of their past successes. The stars and supporting players form the greatest pool of dramatic talent any one company has ever brought together.

"Cradle Snatchers", "Is Zat So?", "The Auctioneer", "The Lily", "The Return of Peter Grimm", "The City"—these are a handful of the noted stage plays being made into Fox Pictures. There are many others, and popular novels, too.

And the list of players in Fox Pictures—bewildering!—Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Olive Borden, Matt Moore, Belle Bennett, Lou Tellegen, Lila Lee, Walter McGrail, Virginia Valli, Ian Keith, Anita Stewart, Walter Catlett, Phyllis Haver, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, George Sidney, Dolores Del Rio, William Russell, Margaret Livingston, Alec Francis, Bessie Love, Victor McLaglen, Olive Tell! Yet these are far less than half the well-known players engaged.

Raoul Walsh, who directed "The Thief of Bagdad"; Allan Dwan, who directed "Robin Hood"; John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"; Alfred Green, who directed Colleen Moore; F. W. Murnau, who directed "The Last Laugh"; Harry Beaumont, who directed "Beau Brummel"; Frank Borzage, who directed "Humoresque"—are only a *few* of the Fox directors—the list reads like a movie hall of fame.

Watch your theatres for Fox Pictures—for they bring you the utmost magic of the screen!

—And in addition, these supreme productions:

WHAT PRICE GLORY
THE MUSIC MASTER
7TH HEAVEN
all made from renowned stage successes
3 BAD MEN
staged by John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"
ONE INCREASING PURPOSE
by the author of "If Winter Comes"

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

Parfums Caron

10 rue de la Paix Paris

NUIT de NOEL
(Christmas Eve.)

N'AIMEZ QUE MOI
(Love Only Me)

NARCISSE NOIR
(Black Narcissus)

CARON CORPORATION, 389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

AUTUMN
by Hillary
G. Bailey

© *Hillary G. Bailey*

THE shadows of Autumn are beginning to creep before us. Twilight grows avaricious, and robs much from the day. The sun begrudges its months of unstinted generosity and also turns frugal. It is the season of ripeness and maturity, when leaves take on their rich autumnal tints, and the cornucopia is redundant with fruits of the year's labors. It is autumn in the theatre. Sometimes five and six plays open an evening. So far most of them should have been allowed to overripe, and decay, rather than be plucked in season, and found to be rotten fruit. If you will carefully watch the grimaces and also read the reactions of Mr. Hornblow, who goes to the play, you will spare yourself the discomfort of a polite guest who is served speckled peaches.

OPENING night. Out front. Taxicabs. Limousines. Crowded lobbies. Noise. Celebrities. Inside dope. Whisperings. Nervous actors. Gowns. Behind stage. Silence. Darkness. Flickering lights. Stage door opens. Closes. Petrified movements. Dressing-rooms closed. Whispered rehearsals through keyhole. Ushers primping. Chandelier lighted. Asbestos descended. House "set." Rustling programs. Doors open. Early ticket-holders. Ingénue's parents. Sisters. Friends. Rustling. Ruffling. Wriggling. After performance. Excitement. Friends. Relatives. Back-stage. Flowers. Cooing. Cards. Kissing. Cuddling. Evening wraps. Dinner coats. Scenery assembled. Dressing-rooms locked. Door-man. Stage door. Exit. Misgivings. Walton Butterfield describes FIRST NIGHTS—FROM THE REAR, in the December issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

JOHN CUMBERLAND, the well-known comedian who is starred in HENRY BEHAVE! describes most interestingly his escape from bedroom farce, in our next number. He reached a point where he found no diversion—no change in going home to rest. There were beds to the right of him, beds to the, etc. The realization that he was disrobing in public, going to sleep in the presence of his guests and saying things that made him most uncomfortable, caused him to rebel. No more bedroom farces. He went into real estate and confesses that he got *lots* of fun out of it. With the bait that there would not be a single four-poster in it, he was drawn into HENRY BEHAVE!

YOU prefer one perfume to others, do you not? Have you wondered why? And have you not often wished some of your friends would vary from their habitual choice—perhaps too pungent to please your senses, perhaps too dull, or too faint? By following the choice of perfume made by our leading stars, and associating the aroma with the predominating characteristics of the actress, you will arrive at the reason for respective selections. In PERFUMING THE DRAMA Wilma Soss tastefully and lightly escorts us to the chair before the dressing-table of Cecile Sorel, Florence Reed, Chrystal Herne, Jane Cowl, Alice Brady, Lenore Ulric, Helen Hayes, Gertrude Lawrence, and others in whom you are interested.

EXCLUSIVE photos of Screen celebrities and snaps of their informal moments, gossip of the stars and incidents in their lives are the high spots of SCREENLAND. Every month you meet film favorites face to face, through the interviews by Sylvia B. Golden.

ADA PATTERSON had tea with June Walker, the Lorelei Lee of Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." They talked about everything, from the star's début to her marriage to Geoffrey Kerr, which took place in June, last. Don't miss it, next month.

JAZZ! What does it express? Is it an Americanism? Of course, not of the puritanical species—do you think it is a mirror reflecting contemporary life? Does it warrant the composition of symphonic and operatic scores? In the forthcoming issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE you will find an intelligently written article on THE FUTURE OF JAZZ. Compare it with your own views and send us your reaction, if you wish.

THE Amateur Stage invites all its readers actively interested in the little theatre movement, to send in photos and descriptions of the plays they give.

VINCENT LAWRENCE, the author of SOUR GRAPES, is known as the "stage Love-specialist." He is different from all other writers for the stage in that all his plays deal with love-making and that alone. He never has, or will, he says, deviate from the one theme—Love—and builds up all his plays around it. He believes that Love is simply a case of—hat-racks. Hat-racks, because they are things on which we hang hats. A man who has ideas must have something on which to hang them. This is the way a man and girl fall in love, according to the successful playright. A chap meets a girl. He talks. She responds. Understands. If she's the right kind, something happens. Click! Click! They want to see each other again. And there you have it. Read an interview with Mr. Lawrence in our December issue.

IF women are fickle, think how much more inconstant are the fashions that express her whims. They never change too fast for our FASHION DEPARTMENT to keep up with them.

Contents for

NOVEMBER, 1926

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Stars in the Making 9
by FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

Exit the Poor Actor! 10
by GILBERT SELDES

Interviewing a Première Danseuse 12
by FRED AUSTIN

"Habima"—A Theatre for the Jewish People 20
by PAUL BECHERT

Tale of Two Manuscripts 22
by JOSEPH KAYE

The Playgoers' Paradise 30
by DOROTHY E. NICHOLS

Little Helen Hayes 32
by ZOE BECKLEY

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Editor's Uneasy Chair 7
What I Think of the Theatre 24
The Great God Brown (condensation) . . . 26
Heard on Broadway 34
Screenland 35

ART FEATURES

Cover Design—in Colors—Lenore Ulric . .
Painting by Rasko
If You Will Allow Me 11
by GONZALEZ
A Première "Dansoose" 12
by LEO KOBER
The Power Behind the Kick 25
by GROPPER

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play 15

INTERVIEWS

Chats with Screen Stars 39
by SYLVIA B. GOLDEN

FULL-PAGE PORTRAITS

Helen Menken 5
Richard Herndon 6
The Snake Woman, Hasoutra 8
Dorothy Mackaill 13
Frances Starr 23

PLAYS PICTURED

"She Couldn't Say No" 14
Behind the Scenes of Iolanthe 17
The Donovan Affair 19
Countess Maritza 27

DEPARTMENTS

The Amateur Stage 41
Fashions 44
The Vanity Box 60

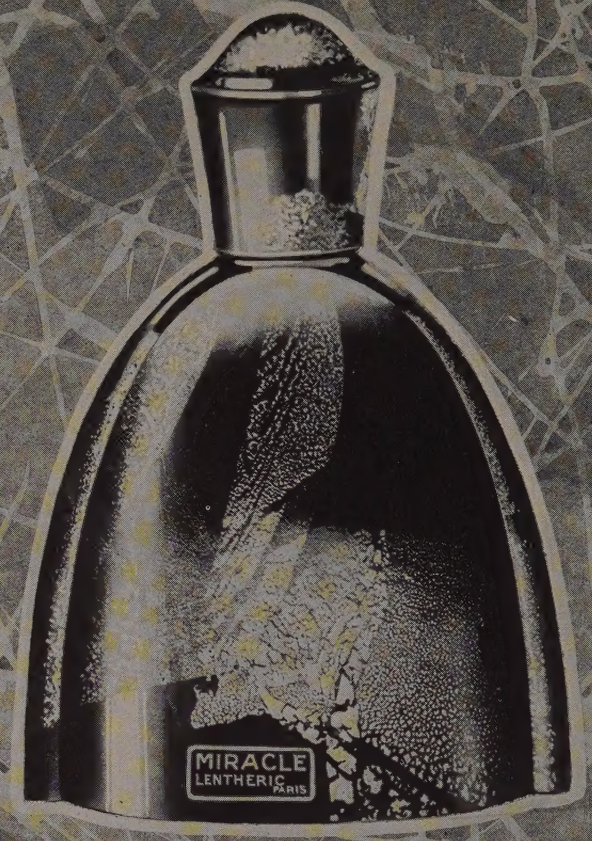
Vol. XLIV Whole No. 308

Subscribers are informed that no change of address can be made in less than a month. Address all communications to Theatre Magazine, 2 *West 45th Street, New York City.*

Copyright 1926 by
THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY
Louis Meyer—Paul Meyer, *Publishers*

Published monthly by Theatre Magazine Co. Executive Publishing and Editorial Offices, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary; Arthur Hornblow, Editor; F. E. Allardt, Director of Circulation. Single copies, thirty-five cents. Four dollars by the year. Foreign countries add fifty cents for mail; Canada add fifty cents. Title *Theatre Magazine*, registered U. S. Patent Office.

CONTRIBUTIONS: The Editor will be glad to receive articles for consideration. Postage stamps should be enclosed to insure the return of manuscripts found to be unavailable. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.



Parfum MIRACLE

It must be unusual perfume indeed which won from Lady Diana Manners the tribute "A veritable masterpiece of the perfumer's art." The container—obsidian black flecked with gold in individual pattern—is as unique as the subtly entrancing essence within.

LENTHÉRIC
245 Rue St Honoré – Paris

JAHIEL AND COMPANY INC.
389 Fifth Avenue, New York
Sole Distributors for U.S.A and Possessions

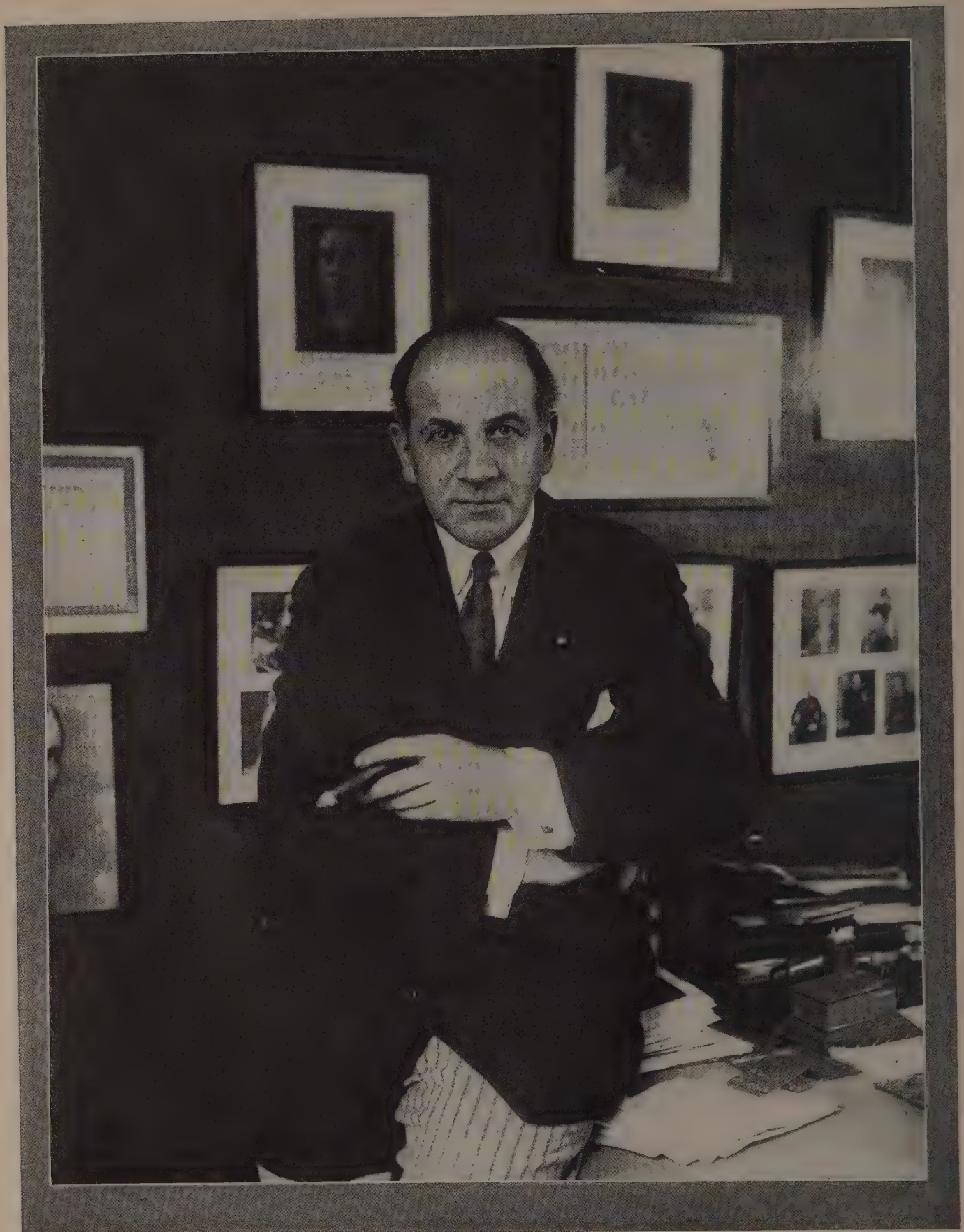
THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIV. No. 308 NOVEMBER, 1926

Photo by Vandamm

HELEN MENKEN

Who vibrantly traversed the spiritual regions of "Seventh Heaven" for more than two and one-half years, until she discovered "The Makropolous Secret," a formula for the prolongation of life, now finds herself entering even vaguer realms as "The Captive" in a sea of sexual abnormality. The play is a translation from Edouard Bourdet's "La Prisonnière"



Florence Vandamm Studio

THE PRODUCERS. NO. 13: RICHARD HERNDON

About 1890 Richard Herndon arrived in New York from Paris with but little more than a strong French accent to try his luck in the theatrical world. For five years he struggled to gain a footing in a strange land, migrating to Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati—in fact, anywhere where theatrical employment was assured him, playing small parts, company manager, advance agent and finally reaching his ultimate goal, that of producer. In 1920 Mr. Herndon took over the Belmont Theatre, and since that time many successful productions have first seen the footlights in the playhouse on 48th Street, among which are "The Passion Flower" with Nance O'Neil, "Kempy" with Grant Mitchell and the Nugent family, "You and I," the Harvard Prize play, and the now current Revue "Americana," by J. P. McEvoy. Other successful ventures were "The Potters," "Applesauce" which played Chicago for nine months, and "The Patsy" which ran here for almost a year at the Booth Theatre

VOL. XLIV. No. 308 THEATRE MAGAZINE NOVEMBER, 1926

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *EDITOR-IN CHIEF*

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gilbert Seldes, Ben Kaye, Lawton Mackall, Gordon Whyte, Burr Cook

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Jazz Receives a Solar Plexus

JAZZ music has long been a thorn in the side of genuine music lovers, but until now no one, of any competence or authority, has had the courage to say what he really thought about it. Even those who detested jazz hesitated to express their opinions, afraid of being thought old-fashioned, not up-to-date, back numbers.

Jazz, originally the wild tom-tom music of savages in the jungle, and then taken up by our own barbarians, came upon the world as a cacophonous aftermath of the World War. Its weird discordances, restless rhythms seemed to harmonize with the unbalanced, neurotic, chaotic, unmoral state into which the war plunged the world. The popularity of the new "music" spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire. The classics were thrown into the discard. Theatres, dance halls, cabarets, restaurants, summer hotels throbbed to the ear-splitting noise of jazz!

So long as the jazz devotees confined their energies to the popular tunes no one could quarrel with them. Everyone has a right, under the Constitution, to stew in his own juice if he likes to. But when musical vandals started to lay their hands on the classics and committed the desecration of jazzing Massenet's *Thaïs* Meditation, Greig's *Peer Gynt,* Suppé's *Poet and Peasant,* Chopin and Handel, etc., then the true music lover rose in revolt. No objector, however, has been quite as vitriolic in his indictment as was Ernest Newman, the distinguished English critic, recently in the London *Sunday Times.* He writes:

"Your typical jazz composer or jazz enthusiast is merely a musical illiterate, who is absurdly pleased with little things because he does not know how little they are. You cannot have music without composers, and at present jazz has no composers in the full sense of the term. The brains of the whole lot of them put together would not fill the lining of Johann Strauss' hat.

"At present jazz is not an art, but an industry; the whirring of a standardized machine endlessly turning out a standardized article. There is no hope of salvation for it until a real composer takes it up, and no real composer would touch it because it is too feeble and limited an instrument of expression for anyone who has anything to express.

"The thing is already dead from the neck up. That it will remain popular for some time among the musical illiterate is quite possible, and if the dancers like it there is no reason why they should not have it. But the day has gone by when musicians can even take a languid interest in the thing; for musical people it is now the last word in brainlessness and boredom.

"Jazzists flatter themselves that they are the latest thing. The truth is that they are already the most tedious of back numbers. We all found jazz amusing for a little while—it was like a new cocktail—but most of us now would walk ten miles to escape hearing it."

The English critic is especially bitter when he comes to Paul Whiteman's defense of jazzing the classics:

"What should we say of a man who would undertake to make Shakespeare acceptable to the masses by rewriting him in the language of a New York east sider? For 'To be, or not to be: that is the question,' let us say 'Yer for it or yer ain't? Y'get me, kid.'

"Argument would be wasted on him and people of his way of thinking. All we musicians can do is to say to him and them, 'Jazz hymns, ancient and modern and future, as much as you like—most of these are hardly above your own intellectual level—but keep your dirty paws off your betters."

Mr. Newman is certainly not lacking in frankness. He writes without gloves. His remarks are bound to arouse vigorous protests in jazz circles. The embattled interests will denounce him as a narrow-minded, bigoted critic of the old school. But there are many who will agree with him.

What Is Sauce for the Goose——

THE threatened strike by 2,200 New York stage-hands which, if actually carried into effect, would have completely paralyzed the theatre business at the outset of a new season, must have given the producers an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. Some of the men's demands, particularly their insisting on a minimum stage crew of nine instead of the usual three—and this even in the case of a production which could use the services of only three—seemed unreasonable, and were soon withdrawn. The request for more pay—involving increases of from 20 to 40 per cent.—was, however, insisted upon, and the producers acted wisely in yielding and accepting the new schedule rather than incur the risk of a strike, the result of which might have been calamitous to the producers and most vexing to the theatre-going public.

While the threatened walkout has been averted and peace reigns once more behind the curtain, the termination of the dispute has not left the managers in a very cheerful frame of mind. It has caused them to complain more bitterly than ever about the constantly rising costs of play production. With actors, stage-hands, musicians all clamoring for more money, with the costs of scenery, costumes, railroad fares steadily mounting, they declare that conditions are getting so onerous that very soon it will be impossible to operate at all, and they hint darkly that unless something is done to curb the present tendency to gouge the "unfortunate manager" he will be forced to go out of business altogether, and then the goose will have only itself to blame if deprived of further opportunities to lay golden eggs.

While conceding that the conditions facing the producer to-day are trying and becoming increasingly difficult, is he not himself largely responsible for many of his troubles? Has not his showman's instinct led him to exaggerate the prosperity of his business? Is he not always shouting: "Tremendous Success! Seats Booked Eight Weeks Ahead! House Sold Out!" Has he not made the town gasp at his new and quite unprecedented admission prices—$10, $25, $50 and even $100 for seats which formerly never cost more than $5? It is difficult to take seriously a manager's complaint of hard times and the necessity for retrenchment and economy when in the same breath he charges $50 or $100 admission to his shows and boasts of weekly gross receipts in excess of $40,000. When the manager talks Big Money, it is only natural that his actors, his stage-hands and his musicians should begin to think in terms of Big Money. The humble stage-hand would be less than human if he failed to consider himself a useful and indispensable cog in the machine that produces so much wealth and think himself entitled to a *pro rata* share of such enviable prosperity.

A. H.

Photo by Goldberg

THE SNAKE WOMAN

Posed by Hasoutra, the Hindu dancer

Stars in the Making

Glorifier of American Womanhood Tells How He Discovers Budding Talent

By FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

STAR-DUST is immediately apparent to the seeking eye. David Belasco truthfully has said that he can detect good actorial material when a man or woman crosses the floor. I say with quite as much truth that I can tell when a potential star enters my office.

Thousands have come into my present office. Of that number there have been ten who were star-dust.

In the star that is to be is an immense capability for causing playgoers to say "I want to see him or her in such and such a play." If there is not in him or her the latent power to cause that wish by playgoers there is an absence of star-dust.

I felt that potentiality in the case of Eddie Cantor. If I had not deeply felt it I would have cast him, as far as I and my productions are concerned, into outer darkness where no stars twinkle. Cantor, at our first meeting, made an assertion that would cause any manager to feel faint. He came jauntily into the room to talk terms and contracts. We had made the easy progress of good swimmers in a calm sea. But when I said "Rehearsals begin to-morrow," he answered "I never rehearse. I can't." "But, my son" I began gaspingly. "I can't rehearse" he repeated. "I never know what I'm going to do until I face the audience. The minute I get a look at it I know what to give it." I made a feeble protest. "No rehearsals?" I began. "That is bread without yeast, corn without cobs, champagne with one half per cent. alcohol. It—isn't." Cantor tried to soothe me. "Don't you worry, governor. I'll knock 'em cold. I always do." When he had gone I walked the floor. I called up the man who had sent him to me.

"YOU sent me a nut" I growled. "The fellow wants to go on without rehearsals. He'll kill the revue."

But remembering his jaunty entrance and the magnetism with which the chap filled the room I sullenly yielded. He appeared without rehearsals. He was right. Some killing was done but it was not the revue. It was the audience. Cantor kept his word. He did "knock 'em cold."

People are not saying "I am going to see *Kid Boots.*" They say "I am going to see Eddie Cantor in *Kid Boots.*"

Playgoers did not say "I am going to see *Louis XIV.*" They said "I am going to see Leon Errol in *Louis XIV.*" That, I repeat, is the test of starhood. If a manager feels that potency in a player deeply enough, he creates from that player a star. Or, if he doesn't someone else will. If he does not feel it convincingly he had better not try to force the process of star-making. If he does he will regret it. Of at least one of those regrets I propose to tell you.

I had heard of a clever fellow who was doing an inimitable drunken scene in a burlesque company. I went to Philadelphia. Leon Errol was playing drunk in the Olympic Theatre. I went back to see him and told him I believed I could make of him a Broadway star and asked him if he was free to enter into a contract with me. He said he was not for he was under a three-year contract with the company with which he was playing. I found the manager, addressed him as everyone else does, as "Bluch," and asked him to release his prize "drunk act." He refused. We wrangled and bargained. At last I bought Errol from "Bluch" for fifteen thousand dollars.

Photos White

MUSICAL-COMEDY STARS OF TO-MORROW

Seventeen-year-old Louise Brown (*left*), who took Mary Eaton's place in *Kid Boots* in Chicago, and Ray Dooley, now giving her clever characterizations in the *Revue of 1926*, both of whom Mr. Ziegfeld declares sparkle with star-dust

Marilyn Miller was growing in talent and popularity. She was one of the best dancers in the world. Her voice, by encouragement, could be turned to melody. She studied more than a year and was ready to sing ballads. I believed that being able to dance and sing, and being rich in personality, she could add one more element to successful stardom. She could be trained to act. I had *Sally* written for her. We were now nearly ready for her starring, but not quite. I asked her to call at my office. I told her that I had been able to sign the man who played the inimitable drunken scene. I told her that I would like to co-star him with her and asked her how she liked the idea. She said she didn't like it. She told me she had worked hard to become a star and she would rather not share honors with anyone. I told her that the combination would be invincible. I reminded her that starring, for her, would be an experiment. Why not make the success certain? She was reasonable and accepted the situation. I had contracted with Walter Catlett to be her chief support. Catlett was still in London. I had a part written into the play for him. *Sally,* thus strengthened, ran for three years.

I DISCERN a large quantity of star-dust in Ray Dooley. That girl can do anything. She is giving excellent characterizations in my *Revue of 1926.* But because it remembers her supreme impersonations of a spoiled infant the public is slow in greeting her equally fine work in other lines. I intend to star Miss Dooley.

Louise Brown sparkles with star-dust. She is only seventeen. She was brought to Chicago to fill Mary Eaton's rôle in *Kid Boots.* After three days of rehearsals she went on and made a tremendous impression.

She has all the traits of a star. She came to my office yesterday and wept because on Saturday night she had missed the applause she has always received for one number in the revue. I told her to remember that

(*Continued on page* 64)

Exit the Poor Actor!

Out at Elbow No Longer, Our Players To-day Are Among America's Most Prosperous Citizens

By GILBERT SELDES

AMONG the memories of my childhood is the back page of the Philadelphia *Bulletin,* which had, in those days, three columns of cartoons and comic cuts, the latter being usually joined to conversations between Biggs and Jiggs, Walker and Talker and other duos in rhyme. Among the persistent figures in these cuts was the ham actor, walking the ties to get back to New York. The features were always the same. I suspect that they were a caricature of Booth, although in later years they did make the actor look strangely like Henry Irving. He wore a long black coat, a large hat, and the back of his head merged, with its long hair, into the frayed and eaten fur collar of his coat.

Equity has specifically put the stranded company into the past. And something else has provided decent clothes and, for the most part, a reasonable way of wearing the hair. The ancient actor has gone. With him has gone, except in the sticks, the shower of fruits and vegetables which were supposed to accompany a bad performance. (I remember that once, in the company of Donald Evans, two or three of us, sitting in the front row at a melodrama, threw change on the stage when the heroine declared that she was penniless in a great city. But apart from that I have never heard of anything actually being thrown on a stage with intent to harm.) I am told that the theatrical boarding-house which used to be the starting-point for so many stories in the manner of O. Henry and H. C. Bunner is also of the past. And although I myself once knew an actor who lived on borrowed money for the better part of ten years, I know that he paid all the money back, so he adds nothing to the figure of the improvident actor which used really to be "stock."

IN the neighborhood of Forty-fifth Street and Broadway you will find the offices of theatrical managers and of agencies; the latter are usually crowded with applicants, the former not nearly. And the applicants are looking for vaudeville engagements or road-company jobs or want to be press-agents. The actors are playing pool at the Lambs' and the Friars' or reading a good book (there is sure to be one) at the Players' or studying intricate problems of chess at the Green Room; and if anyone wants them to play in a show, they are always willing to answer the telephone and put their salaries up a notch. Once, in a moment of delirium, I was associated with the production of a play; the worst part of it, except the morning after, was the search for actors and actresses. The demand has apparently exceeded the supply; the commodity has become rare.

As a result, the actor has capitalized himself. I know an extremely good, but not excessively popular actor, who appeared in a failure a few seasons ago. When I condoled with him, he said he didn't mind; his personal notices had been good. But he wanted the play to have a run because he needed to buy a *second* horse for his rides through Central Park. In Paris, in one week this Summer, I saw three actors and two actresses, not one of whom had been in a long run, and they were all doing themselves very well indeed. When I spoke to one of them about ways and means, he reminded me that Fred Stone, who a generation ago would have lived with his circus, owns an office-building on Forty-second Street. The actor has not only come into money, he has become a business man. He is an investor. If he has a success, he fails to live up to the ancient tradition of being a fool about money; he somehow doesn't spend it all between engagements; he has a lawyer, a banker, a broker, a secretary and a valet. All but the last attend to his money for him. The notorious pictures one sees of actors in silk-flowered dressing gowns sitting in sunny rooms and opening letters from love-stricken girls are right in all but one detail. Those letters are from their brokers, confirming the fact that yesterday, at their order, the broker sold 100 shares of Mt. Min. & Mut. and bought fifty shares of Mut. Mt. & Min. and placing to the actor's credit the tidy sum of $976.32.

There are players of both sexes who are extremely honest with themselves about this matter of money. They play an engagement with one of the semi-commercial groups or managers. It fails; they have passed up a juicy part in a play which has a great success and runs for nearly a year. During the whole of that season, perhaps, they drift from small playhouse to indigent manager and around April appear in some high-class revival which provides them with enough to tide over the Summer. The next year they take the best possible part offered by the manager with the best chances of success; if they are very good, they tie themselves up in a contract. And at the end of that contract they go back and play another rôle at the Provincetown or thereabouts. But in general the actor has not failed to hear the good news from the movies. Acting is a tremendously paid profession, and most actors propose to let the managers know it.

The actor is in a fairly good position in a business way. The tradition that he is not a business man makes him still a creature of enchantment to bond salesmen and to manipulators of the stock-market, especially if the actor is an actress. There must be a neat proportion of solid business men in New York who would rather be seen with an actress at a night club than with a poor, but too proud, society woman. And so long as the tradition that they are children about money matters continues, actors and actresses will have the paternal interest of business men who will kindly invest their money for them, give them tips on the market and expect in exchange only tickets to every first night in town.

WHETHER the actor as business man is as good an actor as the Bohemian type is a matter for disagreement. One thing is certain. It is a commercial age which has established the theatre as we know it, an industrial civilization which has pushed the actor into coupon cutting as an indoor sport. And the actor who knows something about the feel of business will be better able to imagine the complex of feelings which make up the American

(*Continued on page* 58)

PITY THE POOR PLAYER

John Barrymore owns a yacht.

Margaret Anglin has a farm at Mount Kisco.

Otis Skinner paid $12,000 income tax recently.

Jobyna Howland's wealth is estimated at $250,000.

David Warfield is one of the richest actors in America.

Holbrook Blinn is master of an estate at Ossining.

Florence and Mary Nash are in the millionaire class.

Ruth Chatterton owns a valuable farm at White Plains.

Lenore Ulric owns a house in West Seventy-fourth Street.

Fred Stone owns an office-building on Forty-second Street.

Billie Burke has a splendid estate at Hastings-on-Hudson.

Florence Reed is one of a colony of millionaires at Belgrade Lake, Maine.

Elsie Janis was able to buy Phillips Manor, one of the most costly of manorial homes.

Hazel Dawn's $1,000 a week have bought her a farm at Amityville and a house at Pelham Manor.

Ernest Truex owns an estate at Great Neck that is in marked disproportion to the small comedian's size.

Francis Wilson has extensive holdings in New Rochelle and an apartment house in Gramercy Park.

Eddie Dowling, Rae Dooley, Elsie Ferguson, Jack Hazzard and Max Figman all own show places on Long Island.

May Irwin is rated the richest actress in America. She owns an island, a $150,000 house and a herd of Jersey cows.

Laurette Taylor's house on Riverside Drive is an object of interest to sightseers. The actress also owns two cars and a country place.

"If You'll Allow Me—"

By MAURO GONZALEZ

EVA LE GALLIENNE

Through an open door, I see Eva Le Gallienne. She sits in an office, directing the business of the Civic Repertoire Theatre. This is my first view of her. I see blue eyes—wide open, a dot of a nose, a dot of a mouth, a slice of a chin—all sitting atop a long, slender neck. This new directress of the theatre looks like a boy. Sport suit, shoes like a man's, thick hose. She bargains for an actor's services over the phone, a firm executive. She now turns to sit for me, and, gladly, I see her become feminine when she exclaims: "I must fix my hair first!"

Miss Brady posing! The actress suggests a profile. I light another cigarette for her. She is restless. What an ordeal it would be for her to pose for a portrait! She laughs continuously and jests much. Glistening teeth, a broad smile, half-closed eyes. The nose, that cuts into space like a scimitar, is a negligible physical characteristic. That's not what I want. Now. Now—for a moment she gains a pensive mood—the mouth droops for an instant. The eye achieves a sorrowing look. I dig to the bone—that's what I want! That's Alice Brady! Again she puffs at her cigarette. Again she jests. Wonder why she so much likes to play in *Sour Grapes?*

ALICE BRADY

Lingering echoes of "Mother Goddam's" merciless denunciation — "yet I survived!" still harass my eardrums. I now find myself in a dressing-room with the mask that is Florence Reed in *The Shanghai Gesture.* It is not necessary that she pose. The portrait she has just painted on the

FLORENCE REED

stage stamps itself indelibly on my negative of images. A vendor of the grotesqueries has not far to go with this face. Miss Reed has already twisted it into the accentuations of character that I seek. A message of malignity and scorn as strong as this cannot be mistaken. So let me thank Florence Reed for this caricature!

A dimly lighted stage. A bundle of a man, a gleam on his bald head, whispers to a woman who speaks lines. They are Pauline Lord and Robert Milton at a rehearsal of *Sandalwood.* Miss Lord walks out of the play and poses. She does not fix her hair. She is little conscious of how she looks and less interested in how she is going to look. Charmingly and willingly she comes to

PAULINE LORD

the guillotine—but indifferently! In her mind she must be making sketches of the character she is now interpreting, while I note disheveled hair, forlorn eyes and sensuous lips!

And now Helen Menken! She recounts how she has been drawn before. She points out wherein the caricaturists have lampooned her and dwells on her pointed chin, her tapering jaw. It is remarkable how beautiful women are willing to help in the undoing of their own physiognomies. She "loves" a caricature she says—so I note dark eyes, shadowing eyelids and lips that rival Lenore Ulric's for those interesting formations of sensuality. Allow me!

HELEN MENKEN

Interviewing a Première Danseuse

Mlle. Loupotwista, Née Jones, Classic "Dansoose," Discusses Her "Art" Through Corned-Beef-and-Cabbage Incense

By FRED AUSTIN

THE chocolate Buttons who doubled on telephone switchboard and elevator was inquisitive and terse.

"Contract, subpœna or collector?" he inquired, with ill-disguised suspicion, when I told him I sought Loupotwista, famous *première danseuse* of three continents. She was christened Lizzie Jones (not Elisabeth).

My answer, "pitiless publicity," reassured him, and he announced and elevated me.

Mrs. Jones welcomed me effusively.

"We dislike interviews and have nothing to do with passes," she informed me with engaging *camaraderie*.

"I am a poet seeking inspiration at the fount of grace and beauty," I pleaded.

"That's what the soap peddler says," she condescended to reply, unbending somewhat her haughty demeanor. "But if you insist, you will find her in the basement learning the Charleston from our highly colored janitor's daughter. We're getting much better service since she started. But I can't waste my time this way. I have to stop a home run in Lizzie's runabouts. It's shameful—the prices they charge for stockings and the way they run."

I registered dejection.

"Oh, well, you look honest; you may step inside. Have a chair, but don't be restless. We used the Summer coverings for sport frocks."

While waiting for Loupotwista to ascend from the lower regions, I looked about me. As I had expected, the various objects that adorned the room symbolized, no less than the faint odor of corned beef and cabbage coming from the coal cooker in the kitchenette, the ethereal art that distinguished the performances of her of the twinkling toes.

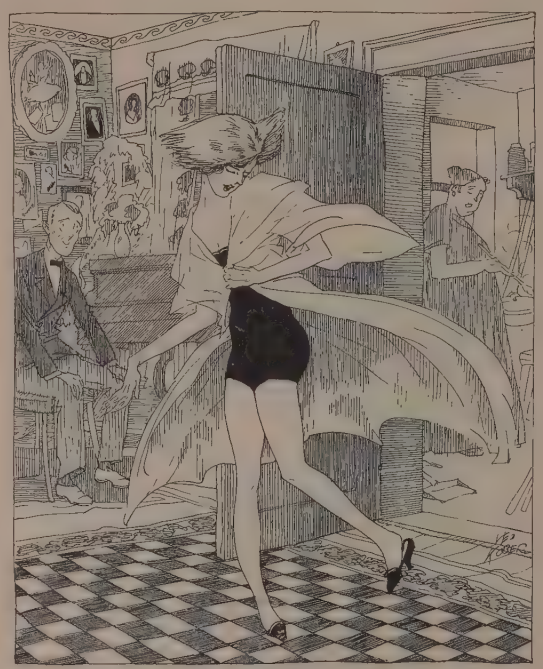
THE furniture was of various periods, bargain sale, instalment plan and second-hand. Even in the arrangement of the cigarette butts, supine though they were, in the chipped saucer on the piano, there was a touch of the *spirituelle*. Dainty precision and Bacchanalian abandon emanated from the worn toe slippers, peering at odd angles from underneath a day bed in night attire. A newly starched and ironed ballet skirt hung from the chandelier, swaying gently in the breeze from the open windows. Though untenanted, it had the undulating elegance of the Herculean calves that were wont to frisk beneath it. Most intriguingly intimate was a dancing belt, draped tidywise over the back of an ironing-board.

She did not see me as she threw open the door and burst in with a dash of temperament in her mood.

"Damn it, I can't get that strut!" she raged.

Her heels thudded on the Yonkers Axminster in a renewed attempt to master the step that baffled her. A warning voice came like ruffled velvet from the kitchenette.

"Lizzie, you'll wear the nap off that rug and it's just come from the cleaner's. There's a reporter in there. Don't tell your age or show your birth certificate."



"You have a wonderful balance!" I rhapsodized. "Bankers are a great help!" she crooned.
(*Sketch by Leo Kober*)

Loupotwista saw me and in her confusion dropped a curtsey. I started to pick it up.

"Don't bother," she remonstrated. "Ma'll get it with the vacuum cleaner. You don't happen to play the vacuum cleaner, do you? We think it's wood-wind tones are wonderful."

She extended her hand and as I grasped it she used mine for support while she executed an adagio.

"Shall we have an *entre chat?*" I suggested.

She complied, *en quatre*.

She wore one of those Little Entente bathing suits, blue, and a pink boudoir cap to match her frayed black slippers.

She threw herself into one chair and put her feet in another.

"Feet in fifth," soothed the maternal voice.

Automatically Loupotwista sat erect and her feet snapped audibly into position for an assemblé.

"There is no escape," she murmured wearily. "And they wonder why girls leave home."

"Tell me about your art, the source of your marvelous inspiration," I importuned.

"Life is just one reel of adhesive tape after another," she confessed.

"Your whole soul is in it?" I insisted.

"Only one ankle just now," she corrected.

"What is your opinion of the new plastique?" I pressed.

"There's nothing new about that," she scoffed. "I had my leg in a cast of it years ago."

"Do you prefer the French, the Italian or the Russian technique—which gives the best foundation," I pursued.

"The French for breakfast, the Italian for dinner and the Russian for supper," she answered after a moment of judicial pondering.

"YOU danced before you walked," I suggested.

"I was born in Melbourne and began with the Australian crawl," she admitted. "That's the position the slaves use in Diagilew's *Cléopâtre.*"

"Your early training——" I was persistent. "At the age of four——"

"Mother put my food on a shelf so high above my head that I had to stand on tiptoe or go hungry."

"Your wonderful balance!" I rhapsodized. "You defy the law of gravity."

"Bankers are a great help to me in that respect," she crooned.

"Your orientation——"

"I was a pupil of the original Little Egypt at the World's Fair."

"Your marvelous poise and control of your body!" I exploded, unable to extinguish the fuse of my enthusiasm.

"Father was handy at throwing things about when he was lit up or vexed with the vittles," she confided. "I had to learn to put myself into any position at an instant's warning."

"Your amazing pantomime?" I persevered. How she hated to talk about herself!

"I taught for several terms in a deaf-and-dumb school."

"Your rivals are in despair over your arm movements. Have you ever thought that you might be a goddess, come to life from the Parthenon frieze?"

She smiled reminiscently and gazed back over the years of struggle and self-denial when she was mounting the stepladder of fame. "Mother trained me to use my arms correctly while I was doing my hair and household tasks. Hanging curtains gives perfect training in the attitude of supplication and the expression of repression. I don't remember the year of the Parthenon *freeze.*"

(*Continued on page* 52B)

Photo Albin

DOROTHY MACKAILL

Before this little English girl came to America, and prior to her début in the cinematic art, Dorothy Mackaill was expressing motion without words, as a dancer at the Casino de Paris, in Paris. So eloquent were the pictures she formed that Flo Ziegfeld brought her to this country for his *Follies*. Grace and charm, the inevitable lure of every motion-picture *entrepreneur*, quickly enticed the First National Corporation, who wooed Miss Mackaill away from Ziegfeld. She has the distinction of bringing the first Michael Arlen story to the screen in *The Dancer of Paris*. Her latest completed vehicle is *Just Another Blonde*. In the film version of Gertrude Atherton's novel, *The Crystal Cup*, and also in the one based on the story, *The Song of the Dragon*, she is scheduled for leading rôles.

(*Below*)
Judge Jenkins (*Walter Jones*), weakening toward the modern Portia, ingratiatingly asks her whether she doesn't think she ought to put the defendant on the stand, to which she insinuatingly responds: "Well, it's getting kind of late, Judge."

(*Below*)
After putting the question, "How old are you, you liar?" to Pansy Hooper (*Fay Courteney*), Alice Hinsdale, the eternal feminine, asks the woman against whom she is fighting the case where she bought the material of her dress

In the absence of her employer, and in the presence of a real client, the stenographer-manager-purser, Alice Hinsdale (*Florence Moore*), snatching lensless spectacles and someone's office coat, receives Ezra Pine (*Paul Porter*), and after much coaxing from Christopher Morton (*Chester Clute*) and Eddie Page (*Frank Beaston*), accepts the case, because *She Couldn't Say No*

Photos by Vandamm

Alice Hinsdale (*Florence Moore*), masquerading as lawyer for the defendant, Ezra Pine, aged eighty, climbs over the rail into the jurors' stand to confidentially ask them whether they didn't feel that the plaintiff, in fact, any woman in the world, ought to be flattered, rather than sue for breach of promise, to be courted for fifteen years

FLORENCE MOORE CREATES A CYCLONE OF LAUGHTER

In Ben Kaye's hilarious farce, "She Couldn't Say No," at the Booth Theatre

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face

A FINE play, admirably acted, brilliantly directed—that is *Sandalwood,* now on view at the Gaiety. Some in the first-night audience were but lukewarm in their praise, which, perhaps, was only natural. Playgoers who wax enthusiastic over crude bootlegger drama find little to interest them in a play lending to thought and emotion. While the story is based on the novel by Fulton Oursler, full credit for the play goes to Owen Davis and him alone. He has done a fine piece of work. With possibly the sole exception of *Icebound,* it is the best he has yet done. The lines are virile, the humor sure, and the action moves swiftly forward with the precision and skill of Ibsen. The play, indeed, has all the atmosphere, with its analysis of character and motives, of a drama by the great Scandinavian.

Eddie and Lucy Carpenter are a typical married couple living in a narrow, hidebound community. Their lives are as standardized as the little houses, all of one pattern, they live in. Eddie thought he loved his wife, an affectionate, clinging-vine sort of woman, until Miss Waring, a wealthy young person with "advanced philosophy of life," comes on the scene and persuades the weak Eddie that home attachments and sentiment are all piffle, that he is the victim of the matrimonial habit, and that he can never be emancipated and truly happy until he goes away with her. How the clinging vine (Pauline Lord) is finally victorious in this bitter fight between two women for one man makes an engrossing, human play. The other characters—members of Eddie's family who are naturally scandalized at what, to them, is most indecent conduct—furnish opportunity for much excellent comedy, fully taken advantage of in the acting.

Pauline Lord gives a superb performance as the wife and in this rôle once more reasserts her position as America's leading actress. Her method is always the same, always in one key, but there is no denying her great personal charm, her technical skill, the sincerity of the emotion she portrays or the hold she wields over her audience.

The play points an excellent moral, and no husband or wife should miss it. It may help some of them to solve their own domestic problems.

POSSIBLY if this reviewer had a better knowledge of Hebrew—or is it Yiddish?—he might have found more to interest him in *Fanny,* Mr. Belasco's latest offering at the Lyceum. At least he might have understood the jokes. As it is, the Gentiles among the audience have to take for granted the humor of most of Fanny Brice's Jewish wise-cracks.

The play itself—an elongated vaudeville sketch by Willard Mack—is pretty bad. As entertainment for a sophisticated Broadway audience it could not be much worse. To find a first-class New York producer willing to sponsor such amateurish rubbish surpasses belief. At one fell swoop the first-night Belasco fetish was shattered! The plot, of the dime-novel order, tells of an Arizona ranchman who has died. He has left $60,000, but when his aged sister comes to the ranch to claim his property, accompanied by her secretary, Fanny, a fresh, slangy East Side little Jewess, the cow-punchers, headed by a crook long wanted by the police, tell her the dead man left a mere nothing. Their shifty actions awaken Fanny's suspicions, and the way she eventually recovers the buried treasure and exposes the crook furnishes what slight story there is.

The first-night audience, while amazed at the general inanity of the play, was entertained, but only by Fanny Brice's antics. The comédienne's broad grins, Jewish mannerisms, slangy speech, delighted hugely those who could appreciate the subtleties of her Yiddish humor. She plays poker with the boys, deals herself aces from the bottom of the pack, vamps the villain by ruffling her hair, pinning a rose in her stocking, displaying her person and otherwise behaving in an entirely abandoned manner—all of which foolery gave the actress a good opportunity in just the sort of comedy she does best and kept the audience from running out into the street.

COUNTESS MARITZA, the operetta by Kalman, which made a big noise in Europe two years ago, and seen here at the Shubert, will hardly set our East River on fire. I have seldom sat through duller entertainment. The music, while reminiscent, is tuneful, particularly the gypsy choruses and folk themes, and despite the well-meant efforts of an energetic orchestra whose instruments deafened the auditors, proved superior in quality to what we usually get on Broadway. But the book! Was anything more artificial, hopelessly old-fashioned, ponderous and heavy ever put together? As to the "comedy," there may have been worse attempts at stage humor, but if so this reviewer has been spared seeing them. George Haskell, with his labored contortions and grimaces as Prince Populesco, presented a lamentable spectacle of an actor trying to be funny.

The cast, with one or two exceptions, was entirely without distinction and the *mise en scène* and costumes fell far short of that high standard of pulchritude and richness to which Broadway has become accustomed. A performance that stood out among the general mediocrity was that of little Vivian Hart as Lisa. At least she has charm, youth, a sweet singing voice. Walter Woolf did well as the Count in disguise, who hires out as an overseer, and Odette Myrtil displayed her usual virtuosity with voice and violin as the fiery gypsy Manja. The title rôle was taken by Yvonne D'Arle, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Plays You Ought to See

AMERICANA—A clean, clever, snappy revue full of sparkle, buoyancy and sophistication. Amusing comedy and with sketches above the average in originality and merit. A show not to be missed.

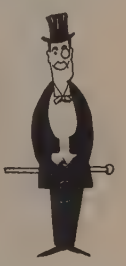
IOLANTHE—Another delightful Gilbert and Sullivan revival. Amusing, charming and tuneful, with Ernest Lawford, John Barclay, Vera Rose and Lois Bennett.

SANDALWOOD—Two women's bitter fight for one man. A very human and most interesting play. Admirably acted by Pauline Lord and excellent cast.

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Most amusing play on Broadway. Three acts of cyclonic merriment with Florence Moore, one of the cleverest comic performers on our stage.

TWO GIRLS WANTED—Charming love story delightfully acted by Nydia Westman, Mary Phillips and excellent cast.

THE RAMBLERS, a fairly amusing show, was launched by Philip Goodman at the Lyric Theatre for the express purpose of starring Bobby Clark, chief of the firm of Clark and McCullough. There are lots of noisy songs in the piece and many calisthenic dances, sufficiently gorgeous scenery and costumes galore, but it all amounted to comparatively little. They only served merely to kill time until Bobby Clark was ready to make one more of his dozen brief appearances, during all of which he did and said such extravagantly comic things that his audience went wild. He is, in his way, one of the very drollest of droll comedians and no doubt will fill the theatre for many weeks to come.



EDDIE DOWLING, in *Honeymoon Lane,* at the Knickerbocker, has concocted a palatable bit of candy for romantic sweethearts. Mary Brown (Pauline Mason) is the pickle-factory girl, who after nine scenes of dreams of what might have happened between her and the other suitor, the son of Mr. Kleinz, the pickle king, agrees to marry Tim Murphy (Eddie Dowling), the fifteen-dollar-a-week sweetheart. There is a plenitude of good dancing and Eddie Dowling is seen as a delightful country boob.

IF you want to see a dynamic personality rampaging through three acts on a wave of cyclonic merriment, if you want to see all consistency thrown to the winds to make a holiday for one of the cleverest comic performers our stage can boast, you will go to the Booth Theatre, to see Florence Moore in *She Couldn't Say No.*

This inimitable comedienne takes upon her shoulder Mr. Ben Kaye's farce and lifts it into such an irresponsible harlequinade that the audience is kept hilariously breathless. The vehicle, in a final analysis, is little more than a vaudeville sketch, elongated, and some of Miss Moore's supporting cast evidence that unique sort of talent that is bred on the variety stage, but that the total result lands with both feet on Broadway is beyond dispute. For, leading all the others, permeating them, over-riding them, and scattering her corruscations like a pin wheel on fire, is Florence Moore. Her great skill is manifest in this: though she at all times appears to be on a mad frolic, she is always sure of her method, always a keen judge of cause and effect. She is, in brief, a mistress of her craft and though nine times out of ten the drolleries she perpetrates have nothing to do with the story, and might, in a way, be considered even an interruption to it, she never fails to stir her audience to the *n*th degree of delight. And when she chooses—as she does every now and then—to become serious, not to say pathetic, she has equal resources at her command.

The story of the play is so illogical that at no time will it bear dissection, and one trembles to think what its fate might be if it had not been converted into just the kind of travesty Miss Moore makes of it. It tries to tell how a stenographer to a young attorney, of whom she is enamoured, pretends to be a lawyer and becomes the opposing counsel in a trial which takes place in an up-State village. By what earthly process one can grant her the right to practice law or grant the vaudeville antics of the presiding judge, or any of the helter skelter proceedings in court, are all matters that defy reason while they feed a comic uproar.

In the cast are Joseph Dailey, who creates a droll sketch of a senile, munching old curmudgeon, one of the litigants, and Walter Jones who, as the judge, contributes just the sort of burlesque relish the sketch warrants.

IT is amazing to find so expert a craftsman in the theatre as Owen Davis willing to put his name to a play so full of crude faults as *The Donovan Affair,* the new mystery piece presented at the Fulton Theatre. It would seem impossible that the same brain which gave us the splendid *Icebound*—the Pulitzer Prize winner of its year—could father such amateurish absurdities as abound in this latest product of the Davis play factory. Or do these playmakers, who appear to have no difficulty in turning out half a dozen pieces a season, entirely lack an artistic conscience, and regard their season's output, good and bad, merely as so many pot boilers to swell their bank accounts? Whether *The Donovan Affair* succeeds in doing this for Mr. Davis time alone can tell. The piece will certainly add nothing to his reputation.

Yet the play, for the most part, is admirably constructed and holds the interest. It starts off with a bang—a sensational murder mystery in Westchester banking circles—and the way the suspense is maintained, the manner in which the threads of the gory plot are slowly unravelled, is distinctly good. Where the play falls down and that badly is the attempt to enliven the gruesome proceedings with comedy. The spectators are provoked to laugh, at moments when their entire attention should be rivetted on the action. To let the actors speak in comic fashion, lines serious enough in themselves, is destructive of all illusion. Take, for example, the tense scene at the curtain of Act I: A dinner guest has been murdered—stabbed as he sat at dinner. The other guests act queerly and, browbeaten by a comedy detective, all are held under suspicion. The police corner a man—also a guest—who appears to have a hand in the crime. He declares his own innocence and says he knows the actual murderer. He is about to make a confession that will incriminate one of those present. Suddenly the lights go out. When they flash up again, the man about to give evidence is seen sprawling over his chair—dead—a knife sticking in his full dress shirt from which flows blood! Someone present in the room has killed him. While a tremor of horror sweeps over the audience, bent forward in rapt attention, the father of the first victim presses forward and cries: "Another dead one!" or something of the sort. The effect is disastrous. The audience, so pent up the instant before, simply rocks with laughter. No play can survive ridicule. The audience laughed all through the evening, most of all at the very weak finale when, in the darkness, there is a great smashing of furniture and glass, and timorous listeners are appalled by the unearthly screams of a female as she is choked by the real villain. That scene frankly makes one reach for one's hat.

The detective, as written by the author and as acted by Paul Harvey, is quite impossible. No such detective could hold his job. The third degree as a method of coercing suspects into confession may still survive as a police institution worthy of the middle ages, but police sergeants do not smash their fists on bankers' faces, as this detective did Mr. Rankin's. They may try such big-stick tactics on truculent gunmen, but on bankers—never!

There is a note on the program asking those who see the play not to divulge the solution of the mystery so that future patrons may enjoy the unravelling. While I respect this request, I may say that the outcome held no surprise for this reviewer. The bird actually found to be the culprit, I believed guilty from the start. His actions and sleek manner indicated it all too clearly.

IT is not quite clear why *The Ghost Train,* seen at the Eltinge, should have been imported from England. Here on these shores, where we have our Owen Davises to turn out mystery plays by the dozen—while you wait and all according to the latest formula—there was no crying need for *The Ghost Train* which creaks in spots where it was never intended to creak.

While there seems to be an unwritten law that the reviewer shall not reveal the plot of any of these mystery plays, and as the plot only reveals itself such as it is, in the last act, and as all that the first two acts contain is a wearisome echo of a warning: "Look out for the Ghost Train," what is one to write about? To make the whole proceedings more incongruous the *locale* of the play has been changed to this country while the performing company remains very English indeed. The gifted reviser of the text for native consumption should at least have remembered that a locomotive in this country has an engineer—not a driver—so that when that last-named epithet is continuously applied to this particular person it rather jars.

There is very little interest in the play and when finally it is made clear that there was no ghost train at all, but a real one nefariously employed in carrying drugs and other prohibited wares one unconsciously asks was all this hocus pocus worth while? The idea, it appears, was that by creating the belief that a particular station was haunted, it would frighten unwelcome inquirers away from the depot. A storm-bound party of travelers is detained overnight at a certain point of the road and it is to them that the ultimate revealing of the fraud is made. There is, of course, the inevitable detective among the passengers who in this instance poses as a silly ass. As played by Eric Blore he was a very boresome party indeed. If the reader should complain that the above story is not very clear it is at least as clear as the doings seemed to the audience.

THANKS to the theatre—a great many anomalies are rendered plausible. Thus we have the ravishing robber, the captivating criminal, the artistic assassin. After honest liars, comes *The Adorable Liar,* at the Forty-ninth Street, with Dorothy Burgess as captivating a fibber as I ever expect to see. There is an ocean of charm in Karith Barry as Miss Burgess plays her. From the moment the fantastic fact-twister enters the living-room of her father's bungalow in a little Florida village between Palm Beach and Miami, after having stayed away long enough to alarm the entire household, all attention is centered on the delightfully delicate way Karith Barry tells gross lies. Her understanding father, Henry Stephenson, and the sheriff of the town, Tom Wise, thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the poetic musings they know are untrue, until Karith is summoned to identify Alan Davis (Eric Dressler) as the man she accused of compromising her. Whereupon she innocently and sincerely denies it all. While the handcuffed young man with whom she is in love futilely implores her to tell the truth, her father coaxes her to throw aside her mental meanderings, the Sheriff admits that anyone would want to believe so adorable a liar—Karith genuinely shocked, asks: "Don't you really believe me?"

The play itself is rather anemic, but the stimulating and fetching interpretation of Dorothy Burgess, the sentimental affection woven about the vacuous lines assigned to Tom Wise and the commendable acting of Henry Stephenson, as the suave, understanding father, keep it alive. William B. Mack, as the tyrannical parent, Mary Horne Morrison—the unnerved maiden aunt and Beatrice Blinn, the charming, little sister, who is permitted to look

Photo by Vandamm Studio

BEHIND THE SCENES

With the Lord Chancellor of Gilbert & Sullivan's Kingdom, Ernest Lawford, who is about to enter Iolanthe's Arcadia, at the Plymouth Theatre, where audiences continue being captivated by the charm of Fairyland

pretty, rather than say much, also contribute to the play's entertainment.

IT required a good deal of managerial self-confidence on the part of William Harris, Jr., to ask one to accept *Sour Grapes* as a full evening's entertainment. The curtain rang up at the Longacre Theatre at about nine o'clock. There was only one set, only four characters (unless one includes a butler as a fifth), the pace was distressingly slow, and the curtain fell a little after half past ten!

These facts would not constitute a grievance if the intervening time had offered those flashes of wit that have brevity as a concomitant. But candor compels one to state that, save for a well-written and promising first act, the play resolved itself into a boresome incongruity. Alice Brady was the star. Her part had been tried out on the road by Fay Bainter, one of our most fascinating actresses. She did not sacrifice much in yielding it to Miss Brady. John Halliday played the leading male character. He had more to say and do than the star, but considering the material, he had no greater opportunity to shine. It is only fair to record, however, that both he and Miss Brady were capable beyond cavil.

But the play, by Vincent Lawrence, who specializes in tabloid discussions of love, seemed to weave in and out of a discourse that led to final vacuity. All of the plot is told in a very few words. James Milburn is betrothed to one Marjorie Lawson, but in spite of this fact he makes desperate love to Alice Overton (Miss Brady). She, of course, repels him. But not hard enough. For Marjorie finds them embracing and is naturally very much peeved. Then Alice's husband, John, is made acquainted with the situation; and, much to the surprise of everybody, says to his wife: "Bully for you!" or words to that effect. A divorce is imminent—then Marjorie, heart-broken, tells John Overton that it is absolutely necessary for her to marry James Milburn, for reasons that allow themselves much franker expression in speech than in print. So when John tells the erring James about it, the latter decides to do his duty, and leaves the stage. This ends Act II and practically the play. What is there left for Act III? Husband and wife must be reconciled. But how? A never-ending dialogue takes place between them, and the audience is asked by the author to believe that, by feigning a love that has died, that love can be restored. This is such piffle and such an evident makeshift to bring the play to an end that it forces upon one the conclusion that it is no play at all.

Frank Conroy played the near sinner with poise and skill, and Flora Sheffield did all she could with the maiden who loved not wisely but too well.

ONE really despairs of the intelligence of the human race when one sees audiences of grown men and women, persons apparently in possession of their mental faculties, enjoying such utter trash as *Number 7,* the latest of the so-called "mystery" plays now on view at the Times Square Theatre. How anyone with a brain capacity above that of a ten-year-old child can find the slightest thing to interest or entertain him in this wild farrago of nonsense—this cheap rehash of dime-novel situations, worn-out mystery thrills and such familiar stage *schrecklichkeit* as doors opening and pictures dropping without apparent cause, arms emerging snakily from closets, eyes peeping through secret panels, hands crawling up the window-pane, all so utterly childish—beats understanding!

Yet I recall "mystery" plays that held one. For instance, *The Bat* and *The Cat and the Canary.* Those early pioneers in the field of "mystery drama" were classics compared with their present-day imitators. They told an engrossing story—told it well, thrilled one all the time, and kept one guessing to the end. In *Number 7* there is not the slightest doubt as to the outcome from the very beginning. The action takes place in London, outside and inside an untenanted house during a thick fog. The house, which has the reputation of being haunted, is the getaway headquarters of a gang of crooks. This sounds promising and, in fact, the play starts off well enough. The first set shows a London street in one of the poorer districts. The fog is so thick you can hardly see. There are strange lights wandering up and down behind the windows of the haunted house. Sinister-looking people come out by the front door and disappear furtively in the mist. A sailor emerges, falls down the steps and is picked up by a passer-by, who questions him about the house. The stranger decides to go in and see for himself, and he makes the sailor a reluctant guide. The scene closes and the next set shows the interior of the house with its empty, squalid rooms and rickety, sinister stairs. There being no light, the investigators use candles, which have an uncomfortable trick of going out at critical moments, and so they stumble up until they reach the top floor, where they discover The Corpse, and Terrifying Things begin to happen! There is much shooting by fifty-seven varieties of crooks; girls and detectives are lashed to chairs, Lady So-and-So's stolen diamonds are recovered, and then downstairs to the wonderfully equipped cellar, where the chief gangster is nabbed, and under which runs a train, stopping conveniently at a signal for the crooks' Continental getaway! The detective proves just the man you had spotted from the first, and you go away, tearing your hair, and wondering what in the name of Sam Hill has happened to the contemporary drama!

BY ignoring the subjunctive mood in his title, William Anthony McGuire at once indicates the illiteracy of his hero, for *If I Was Rich* is one of the latter's lines. But Mr. McGuire, who has to his credit two previous plays that were signally successful, namely, *Six-Cylinder Love* and *Twelve Miles Out,* has not been quite so happy in his latest one. Beyond creating a wistful character, very skillfully played by Joe Laurie, Jr., he has neither devised telling situations nor deftly exploited them.

Jimmy Sterling (Mr. Laurie) is a poor shipping clerk with aspirations. He is led to pretend that he is rich, in the belief that such pretense will get him into a more prosperous atmosphere. It does. But when the revelation of his deceit comes he is worse off than before. In the meanwhile his young wife almost yields to the advances of a dishonorable *roué*—and there is the devil to pay all round.

At the last moment, in fairy-tale fashion, his employer raises his salary, starts him on a new career, reconciles him to his wife and allows the curtain to fall on comparative happiness. The whole fable is a little too illogical to be convincing, and a character introduced for comic effect, William Dunroy (Roy Walburn) is such a palpable imitation of the chap in the *Show-Off* that he is irritating. Charles Dow Clarke had the most grateful part in the piece, the employer who conceals a kind heart under a very repellant exterior, and proves himself once more a very capable actor. Mr. McGuire has thrown the play together rather loosely, and while there is no denying that he has talent as a purveyor of actable parts, he cannot afford to neglect the canons of construction.

IN the writing of *Service for Two*, seen at the Gaiety, Martin Flavin has, if nothing more, proved his versatility. For this farce—billed as a comedy—is vastly different from that delicately subtle *Children of the Moon,* his first play. That was genuine dramatic material. This new work is bedroom farce and written no doubt with an eye on the box-office.

Service for Two is dished out in three hotel bedrooms, all of them cluttered up with beds, pajamas, negligées, bellboys and maids. One of the bedrooms belongs to an English earl, the other to his bride and the third to a spitfire motion-picture actress with whose affections the earl trifled before his marriage. The fun revolves about the actress' successful attempt to lure him to her bedroom, which adjoins his. She doesn't know he's married, and, of course, the situation is rendered funnier by the fact that he is in constant fear that she will find out that he is.

The temperamental little actress plies him with liquor and hot rarebits, but he never quite reaches the mellow stage that he forgets his wife may walk in on the dangerous scene at any moment. A threat of breach of promise adds to his fears. There is much running in and out of bedrooms, banging at locked doors and getting in and out of the wrong rooms. It is pretty thin material even for a farce.

Hugh Wakefield proves that he is an able *farceur* in the rôle of the flustered earl. Marion Coakley demonstrates that she has an excellent sense of burlesque, though she somewhat overplays the posturing movie star, whose every gesture is a picture.

IT seems a pity that John Hunter Booth, when he wrote *No Trespassing,* did not at least show some taste and discretion in supplying the atmosphere to this comedy. Mr. Booth shows considerable constructive talent in his play and his scenes unfold themselves with some interest and variety. Mr. Short, too, has been quite lavish as a producer. But there is such a nauseous odor to the whole enterprise that enjoyment is barred at the very outset.

The scene is laid on Long Island and one more of those cocktail-drinking, rioting, semi-adulterous and generally misbehaving communities—poor, maligned Long Island!—is allowed

(*Continued on page* 66)

A guest has been mysteriously stabbed at a dinner given by Peter Rankin, the banker, and when, in the dirty-linen washing that follows, the latter shoots his wife's paramour, also present as a guest, Detective Killain is sure he has the double assassin and proceeds to give his prisoner the third degree

Photos Vandamm

(*From left to right*) Carney (*Joseph Robison*), Mr. Rankin (*Robert T. Haines*), Detective Killain (*Paul Harvey*), Professor Donovan (*Edwin Maxwell*), Jean (*Miriam Doyle*)

(*Left to right*) Mr. Maxwell, Niles Welch, Phoebe Foster, Renita Randolph, Charles C. Wilson, Miss Doyle, Mr. Haines, Mr. Harvey, Eleanor Woodruff, Ray Collins, Georgie Lee Hall. Detective Killain, while trying to pick up a clue, learns that the dead man owned a peculiar ring which not only had the strange property of being luminous in the dark, but also that of making yield to his advances any woman whom he got to wear it. Anxious to test the ring, the sleuth turns out the light and then——

THRILLS AND MYSTERY IN "THE DONOVAN AFFAIR" AT THE FULTON

Stirring new melodrama by Owen Davis keeps audiences clutching their chairs

"Habima"—A Theatre for the Jewish People

"The Beggars' Dance," striking climax of Act II in the "Habima" troupe's production of *The Dybbuk*, Ansky's play of Ghetto life

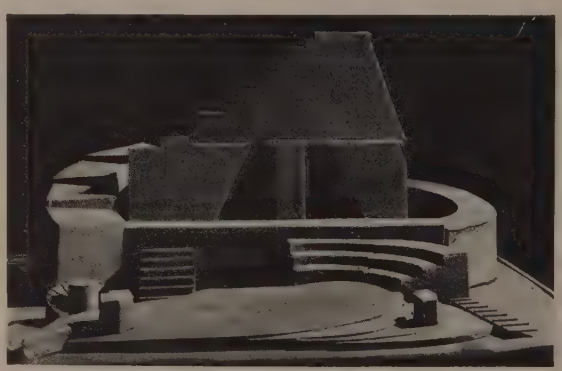
Famous Players from Moscow, a Synthesis of Hebrew and Russian Stage Art, Coming to New York After Stirring Vienna and Paris

By PAUL BECHERT

THE "Habima Players" is a name new in theatrical history, but unless all signs fail, this famous Moscow group of fifty actors will soon be a familiar word with playgoers of many countries. S. Hurok, who will bring the company to New York this month (November), has obtained from the Soviet Government permission to tour America with the troupe for eight weeks only. The players interpret dramatic plays with the aid of music. They do not act in Russian, but use classical Hebrew as their medium of expression. They utilize modern expressionistic scenery and use ritualistic music and traditional chants in all of the dramas and tragedies in which they appear.

"Habima"—the English synonym of the Hebrew word "Platform"—is the collective title of a group of Jewish actors and actresses gathered under the management of Nahum L. Zemach, founder and director of the troupe, and Moscow is the permanent home of the organization which is now making its first bid for international recognition. The Zemach program is headed by these words:

"The Jewish race has given to the European theatre some of its greatest artists—actors like Bernhardt, Rachel and Sonnenthal, stage directors like Reinhardt, Leopold Jessner and Otto Brahm. Heretofore Jewish actors have been scattered over the stages of all countries. In this epoch of national self-determination it is the mission of 'Habima' to unite all Jewish actors and stage directors on the basis of a national theatre. 'Habima' wishes to be this theatre for the Jewish people."



Scenic design, by G. Jakulov, for "Habima's" production of Pinski's drama, The Wandering Jew

Vienna and Paris have been the first stops on the troupe's European journey. At Vienna, where the company landed almost unheralded and virtually unknown, "Habima" was at once acclaimed as an "artistic revelation." Max Reinhardt missed none of its productions, and during its four weeks' stay, the Carl Theatre was crowded night after night. Actors and writers, theatrical producers and dramatic critics came in great numbers to admire and—to learn.

"Habima's" history is a modern Odyssey: a tale of strife and struggle, of suffering and eventual victory. The nucleus of the troupe was a small company of provincial players organized by Zemach as far back as 1908. These men and women came from the dull, dreary Ghettos of Russia and Poland, and their public, in those days of Tsarist slavery and anti-Semitic despotism, consisted of the inhabitants of the "Tscherta," the Jewish reservations of the Russian Empire. Amid poverty and destitution, the small band of enthusiasts worked arduously to broaden their artistic scope and their small resources. Patiently

they waited for their day to come. It seemed to have arrived when, in 1917, the Bolshevist revolution shattered racial and religious superstitions, that dark inheritance of the Tsarist *régime*. It was then that Zemach first ventured to transfer the activities of his company from the sulky Ghettos of provincial Russia to the new Moscovite capital. A poor, wretched hall on the outskirts of Moscow, with a seating capacity of 125 people, saw "Habima's" metropolitan début. The reception exceeded director Zemach's wildest hopes.

Stanislavsky at once became interested in the new troupe and recommended to Zemach one of his best adepts: Wachtangow. But just as the collaboration of this gifted young stage director began to bear its fruits, the Bolshevist government forbade productions in foreign language. Once more Zemach's hopes seemed broken. Prominent artists came to the rescue. Men like Stanislavsky, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko and Chaliapin affixed their signatures to a memorandum addressed to the Soviet government, demanding freedom for the work of "Habima." Russian art is a debtor to Hebrew art," ran their manifesto. Their pleading was not in vain: the government order was withdrawn and once more the way was free for "Habima."

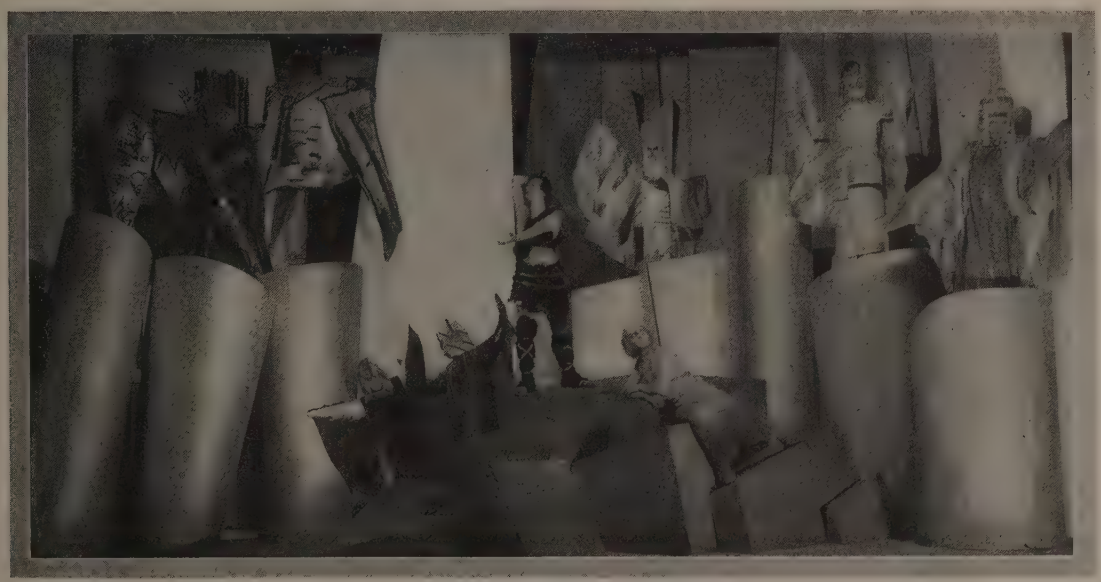
Wachtangow, fatally ill but unbroken in enthusiasm, went to work. Rehearsals for *The Dybbuk* began in the summer of 1921. After seven long months of careful preparation, the productions were ready. The première, in January 1922, was the beginning of a great career both for Ansky's play and for the Hebrew troupe. "Habima" over night became a fixture in the theatrical life of Moscow, acclaimed by the Russian public no less than by the Jewish element. Just as his dream is realized, Wachtangow dies young in years. Severely as his loss was felt by the new theatre, it could not stop "Habima's" development. Mtschedelow, a new stage director, comes to fill the gap; he stages Pinski's drama *The Wandering Jew*. Leiwik's *The Golem* follows, in 1924, and Stanislavsky himself supervises the production of *Jacob's Dream*, the Biblical drama by Richard Beer Hofmann, the Viennese poet.

The work of these Hebrew actors is nothing short of great. Indeed I doubt whether I have ever, on any stage, seen anything more fascinating, more compelling and arresting from beginning to end than their production of *The Dybbuk* which

"Habima" chose for its début before a European audience. The actors on the stage spoke a language as foreign to me as it was to at least two-thirds of the 1000 people present—yet the audience sat spellbound for four long hours, breathless with tension. It is interesting to analyze the reasons for so extraordinary an impression. Surely it was not the acoustic effect, for what we heard defied understanding. Nor the compelling presence of strong histrionic personalities, for hardly one of "Habima's" actors is a "star" according to Western standards. Was it, perchance, the optical effect? The scenery was modest, or less: simple, painted backdrops, a few chairs or tables as the situation demanded, with Hebrew characters hung aloft, suspended on a string—as a motto and atmospheric accessory. The costumes were, for the most, in dark colors and far from lavish. No, it was surely not the optical effect, either, although the gestures of the actors were singularly plastic and eloquent. It was purely and simply this that we saw a group of actors imbued, fairly obsessed with a frantic enthusiasm for their work. They played with their very heart's blood. They were ignorant of, or indifferent to, the tricks and cuteness of their trade; they shunned the cunning and craft of the Western actor. Every word they spoke rang true; each modulation of their voice echoed the tragedy of their people.

To say that the work of his troupe is a living contradiction to Zemach's ambitious platform, is less of a criticism than it would seem. The artists of "Habima," as I have said, are not stars; in fact it is perhaps misleading to consider them actors in the Western sense of the term. They came from the dark, sorrow-stricken Ghettos of Russia, and it is doubtful whether they have ever "studied" their art at all. Their shortcomings constitute their very virtues; their intensity unspoilt by routine, their sincerity and natural dramatic ability unbound by the fetters of tradition and convention. In short their semi-dilettantic qualities are those which raise their work so high above that of their Western colleagues. Actors? Singers? Dancers? They are all that, and infinitely less—or more: they are preachers of a national gospel, fanatics of a great ideal, prophets of a new art. All that—but not actors. Like Ibsen's Peter Mortensgar they have the secret of perfection: not to attempt what they cannot fulfill. They "drink from a small cup, but it is their own," and their very limitations make them unsurpassable in their own narrow field. The characters which these Hebrew players impersonate in their dramas, are those which they have studied and observed from their earliest childhood, in the synagogues and Ghettos of their home towns. The tender, maidenly bride of Rowina, the wise, kind-hearted Rabbi of Zemach, Judelewitsch's nurse with its almost Shakespearian touch of grotesque wit—all these vividly portrayed characters are but figures from one huge canvas which paints

(*Continued on page* 54)



R. Falk's original "abstract" setting for Act III of Richard Beer Hofmann's Biblical drama *Jacob's Dream*, as produced by the Habima company

Tale of Two Manuscripts

How Faith and Perseverance Turned Two Failures Into Hits

By JOSEPH KAYE

THE following tale, which should give heart to many a disappointed playwright, also points a moral namely: that despite everything a manuscript is *never* a failure.

Let us take a success of the past season and bare the life of the lines it consists of.

The selection is *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em!*

After John Van Alstyne Weaver had published a slender volume of poems in the vernacular, entitled "In American," and it had made a substantial success, he wrote another book, "Finders." In "Finders" you will see the following poem:

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM

Love 'em and leave 'em—that's me
From now on.
I'm through with all this stuff
About "forever."
I'm through with ever *meanin'* I mean,
I'm through with tellin' nothin' but the truth,
And playin' square, and never pullin' tricks,
Or lettin' any woman get your goat,
So that a man don't think about himself
But always worries how to please and help her.
A bird's a sap that really falls in love.
Love 'em and leave 'em—and to hell with 'em.

The poem then launches into a narrative concerning an attractive young woman named Nellie who led the narrator a love dance, made him give up the opportunity of becoming a clothing-store manager in Chicago because that meant leaving New York, and later jilted him for a husky brute whom she met on a visit to friends. When he finally finds his girl in the arms of his rival, he throws an embittered speech at the couple and vows from now to "Love 'em and leave 'em!"

Weaver is the husband of Peggy Wood, and if every inhabitant of the United States aspires to write a play, Weaver, moving in a theatrical atmosphere, could be considered a double aspirant. Whoever first thought that *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* would make a good play, is not entered in the records, but it is believed Weaver had this thought. He went to work.

ON the staff of the New York *Times* was a young man named Herman J. Mankiewicz. His regular business was to assist the dramatic critic but in his soul burned the managerial flame. He wanted to be a producer and his appetite was whetted when he took a fling at producing an intimate revue.

It was a sad venture but it was notable for one reason: Heywood Broun, the newspaper columnist, was shown to Broadway as an actor. The credit for this discovery went to Mankiewicz, and when the revue was sent to the storehouse, the journalist-producer, filled with the discover's pride, went out hunting and found *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em!*

He contracted with Weaver to produce the play and the latter, being young and eager, made himself the party of the second part.

After some hectic weeks Mankiewicz succeeded in raising the necessary capital to stage the piece and Weaver's maiden dramatic effort went into rehearsal.

You have gone to the theatre. You have watched the play and frequently enjoyed it. You have applauded the actors and admired the author——

But have you ever thought of the romance that lies within the pages of the manuscript of the play?

From the moment when the dramatist writes the word *Curtain*, on the last page of the third act of his manuscript, to that wonderful 8.30 P. M. when the play is revealed for the first time to a waiting world, what happens to this sheaf of typewritten pages?

In the words of the low comedian, "You'd be surprised!"

Joy, happiness, worry, expectancy! The sweet-bitter period of travail when the prosaic lines of a manuscript are transformed into life-giving speech and action was ended, and at Asbury Park, New Jersey, a well-known theatrical dog-town, *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* received its world première.

From Asbury it went to Long Branch and from there to Stamford, Conn. At the end of this trip *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* quietly "folded up," as they say in the profession, and the players departed to seek new engagements.

"How was the play?" I asked a gentleman well versed in the history of *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.*

"I didn't see it," he replied, "but I heard from others that it was terrible. So terrible no one could understand how it lasted three stands out of town."

Everything having to do with producing is news on Broadway and the new fiasco was soon very well known. It reached the ears of another young man, George Abbott, an actor.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," Mr. Abbott murmured. "H'm, *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"*—he rolled the words on his tongue slowly—"that sounds like a corking good title!"

Mr. Abbott is a very good actor but his professional passion embraces in equal proportion playwriting.

"I DON'T know what your play is like," he said in effect, "but the title is great. What do you say to us taking another shot at it?"

The poet-author, who had been floundering about in a dismal mood of post-production blues, felt cheered by the hearty words of this strapping, resourceful-appearing person, and eagerly assented.

Abbott read the original poem; the two then had a number of conferences at which it was decided to abandon the old play and write a new one, retaining only the title.

In the poem the jilted boy is a clothing clerk. Taking this fact as a sort of basis and being further inspired by the vision of a pretty, vampish girl who was stringing the clerk along, there evolved in the minds of the collaborators a scenario of love in a department store, with the characters racy natives of New York.

Now it happened that Abbott had been acting a part in a play of some seasons ago called *Hell-bent fer Heaven.* The press-agent of this production was yet another young man, named J. E. D. Harris. Harris was brimming over with ambition and longed ardently to see his name emblazoned on posters in the form of, "J. E. D. Harris Presents——."

To him came Abbott and proposed that he should foster *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.* The title fascinated Harris, and the idea of the proposed play appealed to him also, but, of course, not as much as the title. Not the play was the thing, in this instance, but the name of it.

Harris agreed to produce the finished product. The authors set about the construction of the play and Harris began to set his campaign for funds.

By the time both parties had got something substantial done, the play was a comedy concerning Mame, a pleasing girl with common sense, her airy but very pretty sister Janie, and Bill, an every-day clerk.

Bill loved Mame but was vamped away by Janie, who cared nothing for Bill but was pleasantly attracted by the idea of taking a boy away from his sweetheart, even though the other girl was her own sister. To this there was the plot having to do with Janie using fifty dollars of the employees' association funds for betting on horses in order that she might win enough for some new clothes, naïvely trying to pass the blame on her sister. The big scene

(*Continued on page* 62)

Photo Nickolas Haz

Last seen four years ago in *Shore Leave*, Miss Starr made her reappearance in *The Shelf*, a comedy by Dorrance Davis, which opened September 27th at the Morosco Theatre. She appears as a woman twice widowed, who still retains much charm, beauty and youth to captivate men. This is the first time in her histrionic career, that Miss Starr will not be under the management of David Belasco. Wm. B. Friedlander is the producer

FRANCES STARR RETURNS TO BROADWAY

Via a Different Road, in a New Vehicle, Under Other Management

What I Think of the Theatre

"Theatre Magazine" Readers Give Their Frank Opinions of the Present-Day Stage

GROWING ANGER AMONG PLAYGOERS

BY ROLAND HOLT

SIXTEEN skunks could spoil a flock of two hundred clean sheep. About 200 fine plays or revivals have to suffer on a blanket charge of a filthy New York stage because of sixteen that should have been closed as public nuisances.

THEATRE MAGAZINE'S attacks on many of the vile sixteen have been heartening. George Jean Nathan, whom nobody would call a prude, recently gave a list of sixty-seven plays of this season which emphasized sex out of all proportion to the space it occupies in life. Of course, sex, when well handled as it was in *Young Woodley, Twelve Miles Out, The Pelican* and *Stolen Fruit,* has its proper place on the stage.

The purveyors of obscenity are aided by a few perverse, but too prominent, critics. In a discussion of *The Glass Slipper,* one of them said that it would be absurd to criticize a play on grounds of either morality or good taste, as there was no agreement as to what they were. Critics are terribly afraid of being called "reformers." A playwright commenced an attack on dirty plays by assuring his fellow diners that he had no morals. If we are not allowed to object to either the morals or taste of a play, it's an almost impossible task to cleanse the dirty minority. The majority of the critics condemned and ridiculed most of the flagrant plays, but they'd have done better if, where they knew in advance that a play was worthless and nasty, they had sent a "cub" reporter to cover it briefly. Even our fine Guild Theatre was not the best guide to public taste last season.

There's a growing anger among playgoers. Right and left, intelligent people are saying they've suffered so much smut, that they are becoming afraid to go to the theatre. Americans are noted for their courtesy and for not booing or hissing plays as foreigners do, but last season, for the first time I can remember in New York for over thirty years, a play was literally hooted off the stage. Are we to lynch plays because the authorities are powerless? Lynchers are much less discriminating than England's Lord Chamberlain. THEATRE MAGAZINE is dead right in asking what sort of people were those four members of the Play Jury who let off a notorious brothel play scot free.

The present situation is intolerable, and unless prompt and fairly drastic steps are taken, we are more than likely to get a political censor who will slaughter some righteous plays along with many outrageous ones. The English plan, which will not let an obscene play even reach production, is a better one than ours.

PUBLIC HOLDS THE REMEDY

BY RAYMOND KEELER

PERHAPS it may be said the theatre is commercial, but that is not necessarily a vice. It is giving the public what it wants, even if that is an old, old answer. But the audience sees what it wants. The theatre offers a wide variety of plays, from classics to revues. It has to have some nonsense or a great deal of nonsense to satisfy various types of audiences. So it is with all art.

Never before in the history of the American theatre has so much criticism been directed against the stage. Some declare it too sordidly commercial, others that it is too nebulously futuristic, others that it is too lascivious, etc.

In this Symposium, which started in our issue for July, we have invited the opinions of people—not actors—whose reactions to the theatre as intelligent playgoers should be of special interest to our readers.

If you have any particular views on the subject, constructive or destructive, we shall be glad to print them, in a monograph not exceeding 500 words.

We are throwing this page open to the readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE. Your contributions are free to laud or condemn. Let them be unrestrained.

In the dance we have ballets, nature dances, camel walks and Charleston. In music we have symphonies and jazz. In literature we have great novels down to the little magazines which cannot go through the mails. And so on. The number of patrons indicate the vogue of the day. Sometimes the number of patrons combines with the most logical reasons and best criticisms, then everything is fine and no reforming is needed. But promoters of commercialized art do not, strangely enough, assume a "public-be-dammed attitude, but, assume "the customer is always right."

Most of the criticism has been directed at the dirty plays. Personally, I can take that type or let it alone. So far I have let it alone, unless *What Price Glory?* be counted. That play had more of its rightful share of profanity, but the second act was enough to make up for the empty curses. The theatre gives the people what they will support. If the people really and sincerely wanted no dirty plays or freak plays, the managers would cease producing them. Play juries and police departments can do nothing, and there would be no need for them in this connection against the opinion of the public.

DOLLAR BEFORE DECENCY

BY JOHN J. ELY

Theatre's out of joint. "O, cursed spite
That ever I was born to set things right!"

I RATHER think that Hamlet would thus have paraphrased his own moaning of his own times, had they been what they are now with the theatre.

Dollar before decency! There, in a phrase, you have my diagnosis of what ails the theatre. And the remedy? Put the decency back to where it was, before play-producers became dollar-mad, and I warrant ye, my masters, that the pallid cast of thought that has sicklied o'er our national amusement will avaunt itself.

There never was any need of filth for filth's sake on the stage, any more than in literature or in real life. It is only that morally unscrupulous, money-mad producers have thought so.

I read recently that every one of the rotten sex plays that went over big on Broadway was a "flop" in the "provinces." Deservedly so. We here, as far away as 200 miles from Broadway, curl the lip with pitying smile at the shibboleth: "Broadway's approval is necessary to a play's success." We know far better than that. Broadway speaks with its typical, arrogant insular prejudice in that utterance.

We recall that for many years the reverse has held true and holds true to-day. Shakespeare has spelt ruin in New York and prosperity in the "provinces" far more times than it has otherwise, as Robert Mantell, Sothern and Marlowe and others can testify. And likewise with plays of merit that are not of classic lineage but evince "good theatre." A dash of hectic atmosphere, like a dash of paprika, is not undesirable. But you cannot make a meal off paprika. And in the name of common sense and of all that is pure and worth while in life, why exploit a social ulcer? And yet there be some who will say that the public wants it!

One would not put rotten or decayed food into one's mouth. Why then put putrid food into one's mind? One can survive physical indigestion. But mental and moral dyspepsia all too easily attacks the young mind and heart in its adolescent stage and leaves it seared for the rest of its life. Let the producing manager try the (to them) novel plan of putting principle above policy and give us decent plays. If only clean plays be given, and they need not be dull, they will at least prove that they tried to show that filth is unnecessary.

The adequate financial response now being given clean plays on Broadway effectively lays the charge that the public will not support such productions.

The Producer

The Director

The Book, Lyric, Music

The Publicity Department

The Kick

THE POWER BEHIND THE KICK

Caricatures by William Gropper

The Great God Brown

A Drama in Four Acts

by

EUGENE O'NEILL

THIS play, which has aroused more controversy than any dramatic production in years, and is even now being seen and avidly discussed in all the capitals of Europe, more firmly than ever contributes to the conviction that in Eugene O'Neill America has discovered a genius. His present offering is an abstract study of the spiritual composition of human beings, prepared for presentation on the stage. To achieve his purpose O'Neill uses masks, by which the audience can see the characters as they appear to the world and, when the masks are removed, as they really are. This necessitates a continual putting on and taking off of masks during the entire action of the play. In other places the masks are spoken to as if the papier-mâché moulds were living beings. In addition to the prologue and epilogue and the four acts, the play includes eleven scenes covering a period of some eighteen years. The present condensation, published by permission of the producers, MacGowan, Jones and O'Neill, and Boni and Liveright, publishers of the play in book form, makes no attempt at an exhaustive presentation of plot or dialogue. At best, the transcripts chosen can only give a general idea of the form and content of this unusual dramatic work.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Klaw Theatre)

William A. Brown	William Harrigan
His Father	Milano Tilden
His Mother	Louise Lorimer
Dion Anthony	Calvin Thomas
His Father	Hugh Kidder
His Mother	Eleanor Wesselhoeft
Margaret	Clifford Sellers
Cybel	Anne Shoemaker
Margaret's Three Sons	Starr Jones, Paul Jones, Teddy Jones
Two Draughtsmen	Hugh Kidder, Harold Bates
Client	Seth Kendall
Three Committeemen	Milano Tilden, Seth Kendall, Stanley Barry
Police Captain	Ellsworth Jones

DION: Listen! One day, when I was four years old, a boy sneaked up behind when I was drawing a picture in the sand that he couldn't draw and hit me on the head with a stick and kicked out my picture and laughed when I cried. It wasn't what he'd done that made me cry, but him. I had loved and trusted him, and suddenly the good God was disproved in his person and the evil and injustice of Man was born! Everyone called me cry-baby, so I became silent for life and designed a mask of the Bad Boy Pan in which to live and rebel against that other boy's God and protect myself from his cruelty. And that other boy, secretly he felt ashamed, but he couldn't acknowledge it; so from that day he instinctively developed into the good boy, the good friend, the good man, William Brown!

Dion Anthony and William Brown have passed in years far beyond the range of that boyhood episode. They have both loved the same girl and Dion has married her and three sons have been born to him. Poetic, passionately supersensitive, with a religious faith in life, Dion has fashioned a mask with which to confront the world, a mask which transforms him into a reckless, defiant, gaily scoffing and sensual Pan. When he marries Margaret he tries to show her his real self, but she loves him for the very qualities he has forced upon himself and he retires once more into his mask.

Dreaming of painting, he has been gradually borne down by the burden he has assumed, crushed by that life of circumstance which refused to let him be real, and he has gone down the hill of dissipation until he verges upon insanity and death. Brown, on the other hand, is prosperous, a good fellow, amiable and well liked.

The fathers of both men have been partners in a building firm. When they die Dion sells his interests out to Billy, who has become the architect of the concern, and after Dion has squandered the proceeds of his inheritance and is faced with the procuring of necessities for his wife and children, he stifles his pride and goes to work for Billy, to whose uninspired architectural conceptions he adds the warmth of his own genius, converting plans that have met with but cool favor into art works that win wide recognition.

Billy is the success, however, the model, the hero of achievement; Dion is the failure, but possessing the qualities that Billy, in the confessional of his heart, envies and desires. He has also never ceased to desire Margaret, but realizes that he can never hope to be attractive in her eyes until he can approximate something of the qualities her husband owns.

Thus the two men are related in a tense, daily, hourly conflict—a struggle of deep, unyielding personalities. Brown, with his material success, wearing his mask of the prosperous and not too delicately motivated business man—which is not greatly dissimilar to his own real countenance—has the upper hand. He becomes the Great God Brown in Dion's existence. The latter, twisted and torn by the great disparity between the self he shows the world and his wife, and his true self of manifold sensibilities, at last seeks surcease from his misery in the elemental but comprehensive companionship of Cybel, a woman of the *demi-monde*. Even this relationship Brown envies.

At length, driven to desperation, Dion seeks out Brown in the latter's study.

BROWN: Sit down. You know where the booze is. Have a drink if you like. But I guess you've had enough already.

DION (*looks at him fixedly for a moment, then strangely*): Thanks be to Brown for reminding me. I must drink. (*He goes to the cabinet and gets a bottle of whisky and a glass.*)

BROWN (*with a good-humored shrug*): All right. It's your funeral.

DION (*returning and pouring out a big drink in the tumbler*): And William Brown's! When I die he goes to hell! (*He drinks and stares malevolently. In spite of himself, Brown is uneasy.*)

BROWN (*with forced casualness*): You've been on this toot for a week now.

DION (*tauntingly*): I've been celebrating the acceptance of my design for the cathedral.

BROWN: You certainly helped me a lot on it.

DION (*laughs harshly*): Oh, perfect Brown! Never mind. I'll make him look in my mirror yet—and drown in it. (*He pours out another glass.*)

BROWN: Go easy. I don't want your corpse on my hands.

DION: But I do! (*Drinks.*) Brown will still need me to reassure him he's alive. I've loved, lusted, won and lost, sang and wept. I've been life's lover! I've fulfilled her will; and if she's through with me now it's only because I was too weak to dominate her in turn. It isn't enough to be her creature; you've got to create her or she requests you to destroy yourself.

BROWN: Nonsense. Go home and get some sleep.

DION (*as if he hasn't heard*): But to be neither creature nor creator! To exist in her indifference. To be unloved by life. (*Brown stirs uneasily.*) To be a successful freak, the result of some snide neutralizing of life forces—to be a spineless cactus—a wild boar of the mountains altered into a packer's hog eating to

YVONNE D'ARLE
Treads from the classic boards of the Metropolitan Opera House to the theatrical ones of Broadway, in an operatic step, airing the high tones of *Countess Maritza*

ODETTE MYRTIL
Is the true gypsy, Manja, whose rapid-changing moods of pathos, joy and passion are expressed in her colorful voice and fiery violin accompaniment

Photos Vandamm

HEARD IN "COUNTESS MARITZA"

Kalmann's Viennese operetta, now playing at the Shubert Theatre

become food—a Don Juan, inspired to romance by a monkey's gland—and to have Life not even think you funny enough to see!

BROWN: Bosh!

DION: Consider, Mr. Brown. His parents bore him on earth as if they were thereby entering him in a baby parade with prizes for the fattest—and he's still being wheeled along in the procession, too fat now to learn to walk, let alone to dance or run. And he'll never live until his liberated dust quickens into earth.

BROWN (*gruffly*): Rave on! . . . Well, Dion, at any rate, I'm satisfied.

DION: No! Brown isn't satisfied! He's piled on layers of protective fat, but vaguely, deeply, he feels in his heart the gnawing of a doubt! And I'm interested in that hungry germ which wriggles like a question-mark of uncertainty in his blood, because it's part of the creative life Brown's stolen from me.

BROWN: Steal germs? I thought you caught them.

DION (*as if he hadn't heard*): It's mine, and I'm interested in seeing it thrive, and breed and become multitudes and eat until Brown is consumed.

BROWN (*shudders*): Sometimes, when you're drunk, you're positively evil, do you know it?

DION: When Pan was forbidden the light and warmth of the sun, he grew sensitive and self-conscious and proud and revengeful—and became the Prince of Darkness. (*He laughs wildly, then sinks down in a chair, gasping, his hands pressed to his heart.*)

BROWN (*a bit frightened*): Get the poison out of your system—even if you're giving me goose-flesh. But you don't fit the rôle of Pan, Dion. It sounds to me like Bacchus, *alias* Demon Rum, doing the talking.

Dion recovers from his spasm with a start and stares at Brown with terrible hatred. There is a pause. In spite of himself, Brown squirms and adopts a placating tone.

BROWN: Go home, be a good scout. It's all well enough celebrating our design being accepted, but——

DION (*in a steely voice*): I've been the brains! I've been the design. I've designed even his success—drunk and laughing at him—laughing at his career. Not proud! Sick! Sick of myself and him! Designing and getting drunk. (*Laughs.*) Saving my woman and children! Ha, and this cathedral is my masterpiece. It will make Brown the most eminent architect in this state of God's Country. I put a lot into it—what was left of my life. It's one vivid blasphemy from sidewalk to the tips of its spires. But so subtly concealed that the fools will never know. They'll kneel and worship the ironic Silenus who tells them the good is never to be born. Well, blasphemy is faith, isn't it? In self-preservation the devil must believe. But Mr. Brown, the Great God Brown, has no faith! He couldn't design a cathedral without it looking like the First Supernatural Bank. He only believes in the immortality of the moral belly. (*He suddenly becomes deadly calm and pronounces his words like a cruel, malignant condemnation.*) From now on Brown will never design anything. He will devote his life to renovating a home for my Margaret!

BROWN (*springs to his feet, his face convulsed*): I've stood enough! How dare you!

DION (*his voice like a probe*): Has no woman ever loved him? Why has he always been the Big Brother, the Friend? Isn't their trust a contempt?

BROWN: You lie!

DION: Why has he never been able to love since my Margaret? Why has he never married? Why hasn't Brown had children—he who loves children—he who envies my children?

BROWN (*brokenly*): I'm not ashamed to envy them. They're fine children.

DION: Like their mother, eh? They like Brown too—as a friend—as an equal—as Margaret has always liked him. . . .

BROWN: And as I've liked her.

DION: How many million times Brown has thought how much better for her it would have been if she'd chosen him instead!

BROWN: You lie! (*Then with sudden defiance.*) All right! If you force me to say it, I do love Margaret! I've always loved her and you've always known I did!

Photo Bruguière

THE GREAT GOD BROWN, ACT IV

Cybel (*Anne Shoemaker*) runs to the side of the Great God Brown (*William Harrigan*), who has been shot for the murder of Dion, over whose mask Margaret (*Leona Hogarth*), his wife, is sobbing

DION: No! That is merely the appearance, not the truth. Brown loves me! He loves me because I have always possessed the power he needed for love, because I am love!

BROWN: You low, drunken bum! (*He leaps at Dion and grabs him by the throat.*)

DION (*triumphantly, staring into his eyes*): Because Brown hates himself! Ah! Now he looks into the mirror! Now he sees his face. (*Brown lets go and staggers back to his chair, pale and trembling.*)

BROWN: Stop, for God's sake! You're mad!

DION (*sinking into a chair, weakly*): I'm done. My heart, not Brown. (*Mockingly.*) My last will and testament—I leave Dion Anthony to William Brown—for him to love and obey—for him to become me—then my Margaret will still love me—my children will love me—Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Sons, happily, ever after! (*He staggers to his full height and, looking upward, defiantly.*) Nothing more—but Man's last gesture—by which he conquers—to laugh! Ha——! (*He stops as if paralyzed and drops on his knees by Brown's chair, his mask falling off.*) Forgive me, Billy. Bury me, hide me, forget me for your own happiness! May Margaret love you! May you design the temple of Man's soul! Blessed are the meek and the poor in spirit! (*He kisses Brown's feet—then more and more weakly and childishly.*) What was the prayer, Billy? I'm getting sleepy. . . .

BROWN (*in a trancelike tone*): Our Father who art in Heaven . . .

DION (*drowsily*): Our Father. . . . (*He dies. Brown remains in a stupor for a moment, then stirs himself and puts his head on Dion's breast.*)

BROWN (*dully*): He's dead—at last. (*He says this mechanically, but the last two words awaken him—wonderingly.*) At last? (*Then in triumph.*) At last! (*He stares at Dion's real face contemptuously.*) So that's the poor weakling you really were! No wonder you hid! And I've always been afraid of you—yes, I'll confess it now, in awe of you! Paugh! (*He picks up the mask from the floor.*) No, not of you. Of this! Say what you like, it's strong, if it is bad. And this is what Margaret loved, not you! Not you! This man. This man who willed himself to me! (*Struck by an idea, he jumps to his feet and starts to put on the mask.*)

* * * * * * *

BILLY BROWN goes out into the world in the mask of Dion Anthony. He becomes Dion Anthony, who had boasted of being Life. Margaret is deceived by the masquerade, but takes this new Dion to her heart. He, however, who had formerly abstained from Life, now finds that he is becoming drunk on Life; gone is the equanimity, the assurance, the motivation towards substantial success. He begins to despise, to hate and to shrink even as Dion had done. And all the while he plays the two charades—the one, as himself, Billy Brown; the other, as Dion, but the two slowly mingling, absorbing, torturing his soul. He is talking to the mask of Dion.

BROWN: Listen! To-day was a narrow escape—for us. We can't avoid discovery much longer. We must get our plot to working. We've already made William Brown's will, leaving you his money and business. We must hustle off to Europe now—and murder him there! (*A bit tauntingly.*) Then you—the I in you—I will live with Margaret happily ever after. She will have children by me! (*Seems to hear some mocking denial from the mask.*) Anyway, that doesn't matter. Your children love me—and Margaret loves me. You think you've won, do you—that I've got to vanish into you in order to live? Not yet, my friend. Never! Wait! Gradually Margaret will love what is beneath—me! Little by little I'll teach her to know me, and then finally I'll reveal myself to her, and confess that I stole your place out of love for her, and she'll understand and forgive and love me. And you'll be forgotten! Ha! (*Again bends down to the mask as if listening—torturedly.*) What's that? She'll never believe! She'll never understand? You lie, devil! (*In a sudden panic of dread, he reaches out for the mask of Dion like a dope-fiend after a drug. As soon as he holds it, he seems to gain new strength.*) Now I am drinking your strength, Dion. Come with me while Margaret's bridegroom dresses in your clothes,

(*Continued on page* 50)

Muray

ARTHUR RICHMAN
Will try again this season with *A Proud Woman*, a Selwyn production, and *Arlene Adair*, to be produced by Mr. Brady

White

MARC CONNELLY
Who charmed Broadway with *The Wisdom Tooth* last season presents *The Wild Man*, a new play, in collaboration with Herman J. Mankiewicz

Muray

MARTIN FLAVIN
Who captured Broadway with his first play, *Children of the Moon*, comes with another piece, *Service For Two*, seen at the Gaiety Theatre

Muray

EUGENE O'NEILL
America's premier playwright has just completed *Book of Revelation*, which will be given at the Provincetown Playhouse

Vandamm

LAWRENCE STALLINGS
Co-author of *What Price Glory*, has completed a native opera, *Deep River*, which Arthur Hopkins is bringing to Broadway

White

GEORGE KELLY
Winner of the Pulitzer prize for his latest, *Craig's Wife*, has created another play, not yet definitely christened

White

OWEN DAVIS
Who turns 'em out by the dozen, has several new plays this season, among them *Sandalwood* and *The Donovan Affair*

PLAYWRIGHTS

Who have worked, that ye may play—enjoyably—this season

The Playgoers' Paradise

Theatre of the Future as Visioned by a Broadway Theatregoer

By DOROTHY E. NICHOLS

THIS is the Age of Experiment. At least, so we hail these first years of the twentieth century, and our certainty of being right in self-criticism is probably as complacent as was the self-satisfaction of which we accuse the Gay Nineties. The seers look forward, and the stage is seen to be in a period of transition. Bernard Shaw gives his conception of the theatre of the future, and the perfect playhouse appears in the visions of many a director. But though dramatists and producers are fertile in imagination, one part of the new temple of art is overlooked by them. The stage may be placed in the middle of an arena, or down in the basement, but the arrangement of the audience remains about the same.

Very likely when the artists of the theatre dream of the Ideal, they obliterate the audience, and I should be the last to claim that it is more than a useful encumbrance to most productions. Nevertheless, as long as there is to be a theatre, it is that long-suffering body that must sit in it, and I rise as a non-elected spokesman to suggest rosily radical changes here as elsewhere.

Bernard Shaw thought the physical comfort of the audience was worth consideration, but this, even from the great iconoclast, is only progress, not revolution. It is a change in conception which we demand. The great god Commercialism is attacked and denounced on all sides as the demon of the theatre Little Theatre reformers and Guilders wail that he must be exorcised from producers, even from actors. But even they say nothing when in front of the footlights he is still allowed to flourish. No one even seems to mind that the audience continues to be rated solely on material grounds. Why should we (meaning, of course, the intellectual and appreciative, though poor in purse) sit high up where we can see enough to visualize the action when we later read the play to find out what was said, while the wealthy dumb occupy the best seats and laugh at the wrong lines? Cheers from the balcony as I propose that audiences be seated according to the grading of the Intelligence Quotients, instead of by mere price of admission.

TESTS have not yet been prepared for theatregoers, but the I. Q. hounds of the Psychology Departments should soon be able to work out a satisfactory system. In the meantime, some rough divisions could be made at once.

For instance, an intelligence agent disguised as an usher could easily place the woman who said in a loud whisper as the curtain rose on Friar Laurence's cell, "See that on the wall? That's a crucifix. He's a monk." Considering that the ghostly father's machinations had been going on for three acts, the usher would rate the woman as Class D and put her in the gallery. On second thought, since she remarked when the final curtain fell, Yes, she liked Shakespeare, but "they ought to *modrenize* the ending," she should be put in the top row of the gallery, Class E.

In the ideal theatre that main nuisance, the late comer, would be held at the door until the end of the opening scene, or if there were no break in a long first act, he would be permitted to come down the aisle silently, on all fours, and wait, crouching beside his row until the curtain falls. Some such regulation might also be made to apply to people leaving before the end of the play. Exceptions of course would be allowed for walking out on a vaudeville musician who is telling the audience that what he has just mutilated on the piano is an example of the classic form.

Other improvements might include a prodding apparatus for actors who cannot be heard and an automatic device, similar to that used on the coughing folk, placed in front of the curtain, that would settle actors careless enough to come to life after a harrowing death scene.

On the other hand, balcony rating, at least behind the aisle, should be given the two women at a matinée of Arthur Richman's *The Awful Truth,* who, between acts, earnestly discussed the motives of the frivolous heroine. This, in spite of the fact that they did at first take the Westerner seriously, and when he made his great speech, "Out in God's country where I come from we respect women," one of them whispered, "That's true," and the other replied, "Yes, I think they do." But they soon found he was a comedy character and thenceforth laughed at everything he said. They should sit at least five aisles in front of the spectator who remarked audibly, about the middle of the first act, "I believe this is one of those smart plays—so long since I've heard sparkling *repartay* on the stage."

But the intelligence agent who classifies the audience in this manner must be an intelligent agent. He must be able to exercise a nice discrimination, and not merely apply a rigid set of rules. It will be readily seen that the ideal set by the Playgoers' Paradise is to eliminate all elements that disturb the spell of the play. Yet there are times when even this crime is allowable, almost desirable.

WHEN a dramatist is endeavoring to scale Sophoclean heights mainly by the aid of displaying a contempt for dramatic principle, even audible comment finds its little niche of usefulness in the world of the playhouse. At *Desire Under the Elms* our drooping spirits were much revived by a frivolous party who remarked in some of the numerous intervals between the twelve scenes, "I'm betting on Mother!" and later, through the last act, retained the optimistic hope that the boys would get back from Californ-i-a in time to pay off the mortgage on the old farm in gold. Toward the end, when O'Neill with scrupulous fidelity was revealing all that the Greeks thought best to keep behind closed doors, and Abbie was bending over the cradle to smother the child, an instant of horror might have been produced by this photographic brutality, but the moment was saved by the Frivolous Party's happy whisper, "That isn't no baby in there."

From this it is obvious that the intelligence tests must take into consideration the services rendered on occasion by methods ordinarily classed as nuisances.

These examples serve to suggest the Playgoer's Ideal Theatre plan of arrangement. Those in the audience rating over 80 would have pink tickets entitling them to sit down-stairs. Anyone who could give in one lucid paragraph the theme and philosophy of Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped* (not, by the way, to be confused with the involved ideas expressed in the preface to the published edition) should be given fifth row center without further test.

Many producers' new theatres retain the box only as an ornament. But in the Playgoer's Ideal they would be made useful. At least one built in the traditional style, facing the audience instead of the stage, should be preserved, for in it could be kept the man who, at *What Price Glory?* was deeply offended to see ladies, actually ladies, openly enjoying the play. Other boxes would be used to confine persons found guilty of talking aloud or rustling candy-box papers. Ornamental grills would prevent their escape.

Nothing could improve on Mr. Hornblow's suggestion for automatically dropping chronic coughers into first-aid rooms in the basement. Gum-chewers would be strictly limited to vaudeville performances.

That main nuisance, the late comer, would be held at the door until the end of

(*Continued on page* 50)

With much gusto and pulchritude, Kathleen Comegys plays the heroine of *Loose Ankles*, a comedy by Sam Janney. As Ann Harper, who refuses to marry, but who is to receive a bequest only upon her marriage, Miss Comegys gives a spirited performance

Photos by Vandamm

Vivienne Segal, the little cigarette-girl who builds *Castles in the Air*, at the Selwyn Theatre, reaches rather hazardous peaks with pleasant tones and perfect ease. Material furnished by Raymond W. Peck and Percy Wenrich

From a casual glance, would you judge Dorothy Burgess to be an *Adorable Liar?* She is, but her artistic fibbery is so charmingly unfolded that she vindicates Roy Briant and Harry Durant, her instigators

THREE OF A KIND

Who trump success in musical and farcical plays

Little Helen Hayes

How Maggie Wylie Learned the Gentle Art of Playing Barrie Heroines

By ZOE BECKLEY

TWENTY-SIX years ago in Washington, D. C., a baby girl was born to a mother who passionately loved the theatre. Not that she had ever so much as stepped behind the footlights. . . . She had just one of those natural cravings for stage doings—plays, players and all the magical world of human emotions that comes alive with the rise of the curtain.

The baby was Helen Hayes, with the good old family name of Brown tacked on. And the other night as we sat together in her dressing-room at the Bijou that same Helen turned abruptly and said:

"I wonder if there isn't something in 'prenatal influence'? Wonder if my mother's fondness for the theatre wasn't put into me even before I was born? None of our folks were theatrical. . . . Could a sense of acting come to you through your mother's love for it, combined with her love for you?"

We thought it could and probably did. Can't a mother's thought and love work almost anything?

Helen was willing to believe so and, having got that settled, went on deftly tethering with little hairpins certain rebellious blonde locks which, having been bobbed, are now being "let to grow."

She went on talking of her people—her father, who is in the Government service; her mother, whom she insists she loves "not just because she's my mother, but because she's wise and good—and such a friend of mine."

It was mother, unable to resist the lure of things theatrical, who took Helen, aged seven, to a neighborhood group in Washington, called the Columbia Players, who shanghaied her into service almost at once.

Helen had a comedy sense and an imitative faculty that made people fairly squeal over her burlesques of other players. The directors let her originate her own rôles and business, and she did it with uncanny skill and zest.

Then that face of hers! The little Hayes person had, has and always will have the sort of beauty that seems to change with the character she plays. Her thoughts and feelings shine through her piquante features like light. Mary Pickford has that quality. Maude Adams certainly had it. By the way, a photograph of Helen Hayes, taken at fourteen, looks enough like Maude Adams to be her own wee daughter.

MRS. BROWN, Helen Hayes' mother, happy at the success her bairn was making, spoke to a friend whose father-in-law knew somebody who knew the manager of the stock company in Washington, and the next thing Helen was in *The Prince Chap.*

She liked this rôle immensely, chiefly because it called for the eating of a piece of orange cake. Mother had never permitted many sweets, but here was where both conscience and dietetics retired before the demands of Art!

The next play the stock company put on nearly eclipsed *The Prince Chap* in Helen's heart because it contained jam-and-milk! But here Helen learned the valuable lesson that whatever you can have freely, and even must have in the line of duty, soon

Chidnoff

HELEN HAYES AS MAGGIE WYLIE

As the demure, curly-haired young heroine of Barrie's charming play, *What Every Woman Knows*, this favorite young actress has duplicated the great success in the part achieved by Maude Adams

loses its glamour. She has never cared particularly for orange cake or jam-and-milk since, which perhaps accounts for the reed-slim figure and delicacy of skin that so delight your eyes. . . .

The incident that actually put little Helen Hayes Brown upon the theatrical map comes in just here. It seems a dancing class she attended gave its annual entertainment at a theatre where Lew Fields was playing. Mr. Fields lent them a garden set and in return was given a pair of tickets. He used them.

Small Miss Hayes gave an imitation of the Gibson Bathing Girl and Lew got right up and went to find mother.

"I want that clever child," said he, "to play with me."

And the clever child's career was launched. . . .

For four years she stayed with Fields, who often watched her from the wings as she did her songs, dances and impersonations.

"She's a great comédienne," he commented, "watch her."

Perhaps her progress is well known—how she reached Broadway with Fields at the old Herald Square, then got her first straight part with John Drew in *The Prodigal Husband.* Followed that thing of fantastic loveliness, *Dear Brutus,* wherein Helen was the Dream Child and the critics struck their foreheads upon the floor in praise of her.

"AH," says she, looking very like the Dream Child still, but with the wholesome fun-sense that never leaves her, praise be, "A-ah-hh, them wuz the good old days! You see, I'm such an old, old trouper. . . . I can talk of eighteen years ago just as e-e-eeasy! Hardly anybody can remember as far back as I can, unless it's Mrs. Whiffen or darling Mr. Drew.

"I loved them all, those seasoned players I trouped with and learned from. John Bunny—what a dear he was and how good to me!—Vernon Castle, when he was just beginning—Lew Fields, who, if I may use such a pretentious phrase, 'discovered' me and has my heart's gratitude—and so many others.

"Oh, yes—I am decidedly with the older generation! Every time I pass Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway, I stamp my foot and pour maledictions upon Mr. Woolworth's Five and Ten for daring to be on the site of my old theatre, the Herald Square!"

She fetched a sigh, slightly burlesqued.

"Things aren't what they used to be," continued this sprite, pitching her voice to a senile cackle, "when the lobby was jammed on the opening night with good-luck horseshoes of red-and-pink roses, and your dressing-room was packed with violets and chrysanthemums and excitement and presents and letters and telegrams and friends. Nowadays things are so casual, so matter-of-fact and businesslike and efficient."

Now it may possibly be that this quaint, sympathetic leaning of Helen Hayes toward an "older generation" is what enables her to play Maggie Wylie in Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows* when everybody insisted she was too young to do it. And to play the rôle "with just the right tide of human kindness, just the right wind of wintry charm, just the lacy quality of a prim old valentine," as Alexander Woollcott wrote. . . .

At all events, we dragged our venerable trouper from her reminiscences of her age-old past to the chatter of to-day and learned the terrible secret that, like every other actress, she has a Pekinese, albeit the grace to feel slightly shamefaced about it. You see, Helen Menken gave him to her—just popped open the door one day and dropped that snub-nosed, goggle-eyed pup upon the mat. And you know how it is; you do get attached to 'em. . . .

She also has a car, which she drives like—— And a riding horse. And a very

(*Continued on page* 56)

Muray Studio

Carolyn Hancock, for four years technical director of the Theatre Guild, and the only woman in America in such a position, will begin her work as independent stage designer with Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. Among others, Miss Hancock did the sets for *At Mrs. Beams, They Knew What They Wanted, The Man of Destiny* and *The Garrick Gaieties*

Underwood

Maurice Chevalier, male idol of the fair French women of Paris who attend the revue at the *Casino de Paris*, just to get a fleeting glimpse of the handsomest man on the French Stage—is shown preparing food for his feathered chickens, of which he has a large flock on his estate

BROADWAY IN MAINE

Celebrities at Lakewood Theatre, five miles north of Skowhégan, on Quebec Highway, members of oldest Summer stock company in America, twenty-sixth season: Top row, left to right: Warren Hymer, Janet Kirby, Eunice Scriven, Phyllis Wren, Pedro de Cordoba, Blanche Yurka, Willard Cummings, Jr., Arthur Byron, Albert Hackett, Howard Lindsay, Director, Rollin Kirby, Morris Green. Second row from top: Dorothy Stickney, Jean Bart, author of *The Squall*, Germaine Sarlabous, Marjorie Vonnegut (Mrs. Don Marquis). Third row from top: James Bell, stage manager, Bert Robinson, Cornelius Van Voorhies, Constance Mackaye, Nedda Harrigan, Kate and Eileen Byron, Estelle Carter. Bottom row: Murray Alper, Dr. J. O. Lief, Max Lief, Mrs. Morris Green, John B. Hymer, co-author of *Aloma of the South Seas*, Hortense Alden, Sam Wren, Don Marquis, Arthur Byron, Jr., Walter Connolly

Underwood

King of the Rialto, Lee Shubert (*in center*), with his Prince Charming nephews, Milton (*left*) and J. J. Shubert (*right*), were caught by the camera man many miles away from their domain, Broadway

Edouard Bourdet, who has made himself the most talked-about literary figure in France to-day with his new drama, *La Prisonnière*, dealing with sexual abnormality. Its adapted title is *The Captive*

"ENTRE NEWS"

Stage celebrities who make their débuts before our photographer's camera

By L'Homme Qui Sait

WITH malice towards none and a great deal of charity towards the weak sisters in the Broadway playhouses, another agency has come into existence prepared to meet the needs of those patrons who gather at the Broadway Bargain Counters. MR. KAUFMAN, a full-blooded member of the Kaufman clan, which boasts of the scribe S. J., is the master mind behind the movement to outbang LEBLANG.

I KNOW where the plays go that gasp a little while in the rarefied atmosphere of Broadway. I know, too, what happens to Lambs, Greenroomers and Friars when they move to Great Neck, but what I've often wondered is what becomes of the Cerebus who guards the coffers of the manager and who assures you that your seats are located direct center. They become managers, Watson! Witness—F. RAY COMSTOCK, LYLE D. ANDREWS, C. W. JONES, RICHARD HERNDON, all gentlemen who travel to fortune via the S. R. O.

TRUDY is home after spending some time in the Channel, and FRED LONSDALE leaves England to visit CHARLIE DILLINGHAM. AL JOLSON meets D. W. GRIFFITH in the Federal Court and GROUCHO MARX is ALEC WOOLLCOTT'S guest at the opening of *Broadway.* TOM WISE has written a book and BOBBY CONNELLY of the chorus is reading WILL DURANT'S book on the philosophers and philosophy. *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* with an exaggerated preference in Chicago and Stamford prefers *Black Boy* with the colored actor, PAUL ROBESON. OTIS SKINNER returns from Scandinavia and WELLS ROOT gives Ibsen a break by leaving flowers at the gentleman's grave. FRANK VREELAND'S thirst for learning is carrying him into the Orient next year and GLADYS FRAZIN, who drank deep at the Thespian fountain of the Comédie Française, plays the lead in SAM WALLACK'S *Starweed.* GERTRUDE LAWRENCE brings her child to the United States, but not on a lecture tour, and the son of H. G. WELLS comes to find enlightenment in the matter of cinematography. GERHART HAUPTMANN leaves the intellectual mountain heights to pick a few pennies from the cinema chaff and SAM SHIPMAN dreams of a play on Spinoza—right is wrong or find your own title.

OUR own ETHEL, accompanied by her erstwhile sister-in law, DORIS RANKIN, is treading the vaudeville circuit in the *Twelve-Pound Look.* Here is one proud knight who humbly begs a boon, SIR SHUBERT FROHMAN MILLER HOPKINS. Send forth your couriers into the literary market-places, search the imaginative strong boxes of the scribes for a play for our Ethel—one worthy of her superb talents. The place of a BARRYMORE is in the greenrooms of her distinguished ancestors, not at the N. V. A.

IN the beginning there was faith and that faith was in LEE TRACY, which all sounds like the foreword to a theological treatise. Lee Tracy is Broadway's latest sensation. A month ago Broadway only knew Tracy, if they remembered him at all, as that young fellow who did so well as the inventive brother in *The Show-Off*—to-day Tracy can sit in any night club without paying the cover charge. That is fame. But vastly more important than Lee's victory is the renewal of faith which Tracy's success brings to the spirit of the hundreds of young actors who, too, are waiting for "Der Tag."

CARLO DE ANGELO is an actor. He, too, has faith. Lee's success was a heart balm to him. During one of the intermissions of the play, *Broadway,* a local scribe who earns his daily bread tasting the dramatic fare as it is turned out still hot inquired from De Angelo the hiding-place of this new Tracy in the past. "Right underneath your nose," replied Carlo resentfully. It was a natural resentment that bore no malice. It was born in a fine sympathy. It said, in fact, you might have made the road a little easier for my friend and colleague had you fellows looked a little more carefully. How hard is Broadway? First prize—the Life and Letters of Jake and Lee!

WHEN BOURDET'S play, which finally received its last christening and its permanent address—*The Captive,* Empire Theatre—opened in New York, it was expected that the granddaughters of some of those valiant gentlemen who assisted at the birth of our nation would go forth to battle in the cause of cleanliness which is, as reported, the closest friend and neighbor of God. The president or commander or commanderess (one never knows what to call such people) of the Daughters of the Revolution has threatened to stop M. Bourdet's play. I remember a New York cop who set himself up as one of the *literati* and a critic—a hundred-per-cent American by the name of Schmittberger—who was tempted to save America from utter moral destruction by stopping a play called *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* now used in Bible classes and by social workers as a text-book.

NO more will the roar of elevated trains and the Fourteenth Street subway excavations disturb the hiss of the villain or the romantic wooing of the loving pair who steal their coveted sweetness while the villain still pursues them. The Fourteenth Street Theatre, the home of the *Biddle Brothers* and the *Jesse James Boys,* is now dedicated to the higher and better, if not so popular, drama of the Russians and the Swedes in the tongue of the Britons and Americans. EVA LE GALLIENNE, armed with a poetic license, a bank roll and a lease, enters boldly where bolder men fear to tread. Battle cry—Fourteenth Street, Ibsen and Success!

SAM HOFFENSTEIN'S master and "wegweiser," AL WOODS, has invaded Gaul and carried back with him as hostages the flower of the French drama. MLLE. PRINTEMPS and SACHA GUITRY will try to wipe from the conscience of Al Woods the memory of those good old days when *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model,* taught the gallery gods at the Thalia Theatre on the Bowery the indispensable lesson that a highly polished high hat often covers a multitude of sins.

THE indefatigable gentlemen, JULES ECKERT GOODMAN and MONTAGUE GLASS, have apparently been mated to their mutual admiration and satisfaction, for they have taken to collaborating seriously. In proof of the fact that they mean business, they have just sent broadcast the following business card:

"Jules Eckert Goodman. Montague Glass. COLLABORATORS. All Hand Work Guaranteed. No Chemicals Used. Goods Left Monday Will Be Returned the Following Saturday. Dietary Laws Strictly Observed in All Dialogue. 2445-7-9-2450 Algonquin Trust & Savings Building. Telephone Connection."

THERE will be a rush of plays into the metropolis from the tryout centers in the next few weeks. Aiming for New York, billed with the desire to captivate the New York public and its shekels, are *The Devil and the Cheese, Starweed* and *The Push Over.*

A HARRIS we shall always have with us, but never a poor Harris. It is rumored in the market-places that the House of Harris has dedicated at least one male child of its flesh to Broadway. They have come from Boston, at times, leading by a gilded string *The Lion and the Mouse;* or from beneath the roaring elevators, holding snugly *A Music Box;* or from the campus with the great Abraham Lincoln and Mary Stuart, but never has there been one so bold as to capture Broadway and bring it home to roost. JED HARRIS, the newest, at twenty-six, burrowed his way through a tunnel from Newark. He maneuvered. Disguised under the "hick" name "Jed," he stopped a moment at New Haven and then marched on Broadway. DICK HERNDON engaged the son of Yale to broadcast the virtues of the Herndons. But not for long. Finding someone with a faith in a Harris, he began a series of rapid-fire shots at the army of box-office patrons. Then came *The Romantic Age, Weak Sisters, Love 'Em and Leave 'Em,* and now, grown up and bolder, he has netted *Broadway* even as his namesake netted the vicious lion and the persistent mouse. And he has caught him with very little "sugar."

NORMA SHEARER
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, now playing the leading rôle in *Upstage*

STUDIES in BLACK and WHITE

DOROTHY DUNBAR
Starring in *Breed of the Sea*, a Film Booking Office picture

Screenland

Edited by

SYLVIA B. GOLDEN

REEL-ISMS

SOMETIMES a motion-picture actor gets a good "break" that has nothing to do with his bones. In Glenwood Springs, Colo., but a few days ago, Tom Mix, Fox's daredevil, misjudged the distance from a moving train to a sign-post, warning of an approaching tunnel on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad and fell twenty feet. This master of falls not only always holds Tony, his horse, in rein—but himself. "I felt the impending accident the moment Tony was off the ground—and so threw myself far out while in the air, thanks to my reserve strength—and so landed on my back in a *fairly* smooth ditch," the Great Western said. And did you know that Tom and Tony train every day, whether working or not—just as Jack Dempsey does?

HOW much would you pay for a "kick"? Although the safety zone is one of the factors—there is no reference to the shop-worn Volstead. Colleen Moore pays $50 a kick; $30.44 for a pirouette and not a gesture less than $10, according to the coach who is sparkling up her pedals for *Twinkletoes,* the Limehouse story John McCormick is producing for First National.

NO country is willing to admit defeat. Surely not America! But it's standing with hands up now, before Russian names. Think of people gathering all the consonants of an alphabet together and then sneezing an occasional vowel into every five or six. Is it fair? Anyway, Director Viachetslav Tourjansky, famous for his splendid production of Jules Verne's story, *Michael Strogoff,* and his wife, Nathalie Kovanko, who plays the leading rôle in this Universal picture, recently arrived in New York, having been invited, through contract, by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation. In pure American diminutive fashion—"Welcome, Vi."

FOR the love of Mike—a puppy! That's how Majel Coleman got her start in motion pictures. A little vagabond dog followed her until she reached her home. She had decided to befriend him, and made a step toward him that he mistook for a "shoo-away." He ran out to the street. A big motor-car came along and hit the dog. An agonizing howl followed. Too late, the little dog lay in the street. The owner of the car ordered his chauffeur to stop. He asked the lady in with her dog—and went straight to the hospital. Conversation followed the diagnosis (the puppy was merely stunned), and Majel confided to the engaging gentleman her difficulty to break into pictures. "See me to-morrow." Majel did. Tests were made, and Miss Coleman received a long-termed contract. The man was Cecil B. De Mille.

HOLD on to your whisk brooms, hay and strawberries! Patsy Ruth Miller is out for all she can get—for her new rôle, the exotic "Zelie," opposite Richard Barthelmess, in *The White Black Sheep.*

IF the way to a man's heart is truly through his stomach—and who dares deny it?—Sylvia Ashton can capture Everyman. Pie crusts thinner than the Waldorf Oscar dreams of. Not merely screen work in Bachmann's Preferred Picture, *Dancing Days,* but it was a temporary vocation, two years ago, when she operated one of the most popular restaurants in the metropolis.

THE North and South at it again. Cavalry, infantry and artillery charges, cannonading, every form of warfare raged for several hours—in Los Angeles, Cal. At the end of the battle, every wounded man arose, every corpse ran and every warrior swapped cigarettes with his enemy. *The General,* Buster Keaton's first production for United Artists' release, is responsible for the clash between Confederate and Union troops, in which thousands of extras in picturesque Civil War garb took part. More than 100 old cannon and mortars were used in the battle—three locomotives, dozens of freight-cars—and if you only knew what went up in smoke—powder!

Visiting Dick Barthelmess at his Santa Monica beach house. Left to right: Charles Lane, Jack Buchanan, Beatrice Lillie, Dick, Gertrude Lawrence, Bessie Love, Virginia Valli, Ronald Colman and Julanne Johnston

OUT of seventy players under contract with Paramount, the shortest one is Raymond Hatton, five feet six inches. Jack Holt, George Bancroft, Wallace Beery and Emil Jannings are more than six feet in height. Paramount—the highest in rank—would you say, figuratively speaking?

SPEAKING of hobbies! Raymond Hatton's is collecting antique furniture, Adolphe Menjou's is rare stamps, Wallace Beery's is fishing, George Bancroft's is gardening, Victor Fleming's is air-planing, Florence Vidor collects first editions, Esther Ralston gathers rare old watches and Jack Holt goes in for guns. I should enjoy looking at all the collections—except, perhaps, the last.

AN able musician—an expert cartoonist, prolific in several other arts—and now he has completed modeling a bust of one of the First National celebrities. Guess who? Not a joke! A joker. Harry Langdon. If his orders for portraits keep up—*The Strong Man* will have to keep *moving.* While Harry is going in for modeling—our other friend comedian, Johnny Hines, has gone in for more colorful effects. He is modestly displaying an exquisitely tinted black—varying to blue and red—eye, which was presented to him by an extra in the rôle of stage manager—a demon for realism, during the filming of which he is chased about by an irate stage manager.

ALMOST like seeing Hamlet in plain clothes to see Lillian Gish in modern dress. In her next picture, *Wind,* a powerful and absorbing novel by Dorothy Scarborough, professor of short-story writing at Columbia University, the dreamy-eyed screen favorite is going to give her expression to the fashions of 1926. We predict that the same one who "lay me doan an' dee" for Annie Laurie, would get up and do it all over again for Lillian, be she lassie or flapper.

IF you attend high school, college or university you are eligible for the Victor Hugo-Carl Laemmle scholarship of $2,000 for one of three of the best essays on *Les Misérables,* which film is soon to be released by Universal.

DUKE KAHANAMOKU left Honolulu, Hawaii, sixteen years ago and introduced his famous crawl stroke in this country—breaking all existing swimming records. Three times representative of the United States in the international Olympic meets. Right now he is a Spanish Main pirate leader in Frank Lloyd's *The Eagle of the Sea,* a historical adventure story featuring Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Some people get into the movies on their nerve, others just crawl in.

"MUSIC is a drug—without after effects," said A. H. Cokayne (and that's really his name), who just completed the musical settings for Al Christie's latest laughter feature, *The Nervous Wreck.* It is Mr. Cokayne's contention that a good musical score can augment the number of laughs which the patron would normally get out of the picture. Nominally I should say this gentleman is perfectly equipped to discourse authoritatively on stimulants.

MARCELINE DAY was chosen from forty-three as John Barrymore's leading lady for *François Villon,* a United Artists picture. Mack Swain, the giant fun-maker of Charlie Chaplin's *Gold Rush,* and Slim Summerville, well-known comedian, will bring laughs to the Villon opus. Bryan Foy, son of Eddie Foy and one of the famous seven little ones, is busy in-

(*Continued on page* 72)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Charlie Chaplin, on the inside, with Charlie Gay, the lion tamer, on the outside—and Numa wondering who's who, in *The Circus*

"So long, gang, we're off for the long and briny!" Buck Jones, Fox Films' Western daredevil, called to his cow hands as he and Mrs. Jones left Los Angeles for a transatlantic jaunt

And there are fastidious vagabonds! John Barrymore looks before he plays the Vagabond Lover, his first for United Artists, taken from the life of François Villon, the beggar poet

Wm. E. Thomas

Mary and Doug, the love-birds of Filmdom, return to their nest in Hollywood, after a European flight of six months

Leatrice Joy, the popular De Mille star, says: "It's lots of fun running through the THEATRE MAGAZINE and suddenly stumbling upon a full-page photo of one's self"

K. O. Rahm

OFF-SETS FOR THOSE ON-SETS

There are so many interpretations of "recreations"

G. Maillard Kesslere

GLORIA SWANSON

With a captain's vision, looks far beyond the peak of star's popularity into the vast expanse of producer

Garduno

ANDRE DE SEGUROLA

Well-known impresario and bass-baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, succumbed to the lure of the movies, to play a rôle similar to his life's work

Vandamm

FLORENCE FAIRE,

Niece of Douglas Fairbanks, off the screen, is to be the sister of Glorian Swanson on the screen

Woodbury

ANDERS RANDOLPH

Perhaps through the great loot acquired as the pirate chief in *The Black Pirate*, has become the millionaire husband in this screen version of *Eyes of Youth*

Talbot

JOHN BOLES

Was enticed to abandon *Kitty's Kisses*, for which he sang until recently on Broadway, for *Sunya*

"SUNYA"

THE FIRST UNITED ARTISTS' SHIP TO BE STEERED BY GLORIA SWANSON AND HER PERSONALLY SELECTED CREW IS HEADED DIRECT FOR THE HARBOR OF VICTORY

Gloria Swanson and Her Crew

Start Off on Their Maiden Trip With Flying Colors

A SCREEN star behind a desk, in a suite of offices, on Fifth Avenue, where letters are dictated, books kept, checks made out and business transacted by a large staff of employees. Various poses of the actress on the walls, soft lamplight in the richly carpeted private offices and GLORIA SWANSON, in large letters, on the outside door.

Emotional, penetrating, restless, alert eyes illuminated the black, dull hat of Gloria Swanson. Her firm olive skin, tight red lips, almond-popping eyes and dilated nostrils prepared me for her impetuous postures.

"A glass of water, without ice, please," she ordered from one of the men. "If people wouldn't ask me to luncheon, in order to tell me every gruesome detail attached to the wanderings of the microbes of their tubercular aunts and diabetic uncles, I might be able to get myself in a certain calm that my new undertaking requires," she gasped. With a humorous twist of her shoulders, she released herself from the depressing chips and cynically fumed: "Why on earth do people get the notion that screen actresses are emotional receptacles that can be emptied and filled at will. We are all patterned after the same model, except for the slight deviation of arm length or waist measurement."

"But each one's response——" I went on to suggest.

"Response?" she emphasized more impassionately. "Everyone on earth, from an actress to a street-cleaner responds to grief and happiness alike, except for the peculiar, individual reactions. But we are all seeking the same thing — walking, moving, meeting life, climbing the same barriers. People are funny things, though. They don't want to feel that an actress is the same as one of the audience. I suppose it's the wild dash after romance. Whatever it is," and she smiled generously, "I recall when making the picture *Manhandled,* I took a job at Gimbel's, in order to get the true saleslady's point of view. Presto! the rumor circulated that I was a salesgirl before I entered the movies."

AFTER a thoughtful pause, she said: "Don't mind me to-day. I'm in a terrible mood. And when one of these attacks me——" she nodded helplessly.

That tiny little bundle of nerves, through her own resources, floated and now steers a company that will produce its own pictures. She has acquired an interest in United Artists, along with Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, and is now one of the very few women producers in the world—her pictures to be released through the United Artists' Corporation. The cast Miss Swanson selected was "on deck," the first story chosen, and the director, Albert Parker, appointed. But there was a disturbance evident, natural before sailing.

Marquis and Marquise De la Falaise (Gloria Swanson)

"Let me know when my husband arrives," Miss Swanson called out to her secretary. From the softened tone in her eyes, I knew that the most important member of the "crew" was still missing.

"The actual making of pictures is nothing at all. Now that I'm my own producer and affiliated with the United Artists, it is the financial end, the executive and the compulsory social ends that worry me."

"Do you have many social obligations?" I asked.

A nod of despair. "If I don't accept an invitation to be present at the public exhibition of aviators' madcaps and the opening of Timothy O'Mara's Arena, I'm immediately panned as a snob and an 'unsocial being.' What a shock it would be for people to know that most of all I enjoy staying home with my husband, perhaps with two friends, and play the victrola."

Interpolating my thought, she prompted: "No, I'm not at all interested in the domestic side of the household, my husband takes care of the menus—and he does it well, too."

The stern eyes of the director, the penetrating ones of the "captain," the restless ones of the actress were eclipsed by the soft ones of the wife.

"And speaking of food—that's exactly why I like to bring new faces to the screen," the star admitted; "by using the same cast all the time it has the identical feeling of serving a table d'hôte dinner—and who enjoys that constantly?—soup, meat, salad, nuts, always knowing what's coming next," which she dismissed with a Marquisean wave of the hand. In the same nonchalant way she dispenses with the duties of retaining an apartment in New York, a large farm in Croton and a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, Cal.

There was much commotion—the buzz and swish that accompany sailing on uncertain waters.

A door behind us closed. Gloria's eyes opened, but softly, as softly as velvety buds. "There's my husband now," she beamed.

Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise, with all the romance their title suggests and all the depth of feeling caressing eyes convey, greeted each other silently. Everyone and everything would have felt somewhat *de trop.* So did I. Sensing this, the tactful little person suggested: "Do have a chat with the rest of my crew, won't you; they're somewhere about."

ANDRE DE SEGUROLA

I HAD heard the rich bass-baritone voice of Andre de Segurola many times at the Metropolitan Opera House, and catching sight of the famous monocle, the starched and fastidious grooming of a born "impresario," I needed no introduction to Miss Swanson's choice.

"From the opera to motion pictures—what is your anticipatory feeling?" I asked.

"Gratitude," he instantaneously replied, "for being granted two lives. When I left the opera I thought everything in life had been ended for me, and here I am, entering a new life, a youth in the motion-picture profession, a gentleman impresario."

After which he adjusted his monocle, tilted his head to one side and smiled rather impishly.

Count of Alza—this Spanish nobleman reflected in his demeanor the medal of coronation he received from King Edward of England, the knightings of the Order of the Crown of Italy and the Order of

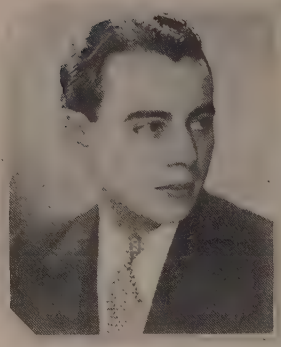
(*Continued on page* 76)

Polish—Pola Negri

Harry Lachman
Serbian—Ivan Petrovich

Mexican—Dolores del Rio

Irish—George O'Brien



Nickolas Muray

American—
William Collier, Jr.

Kesslere

English—
Dorothy Mackaill

Swedish—
Dorothy Seastrom

Italian—
Tullio Carminati

Sobol
Russian—Ivan Mosjukine

Goldberg
French—Marie Prevost

Autrey

Dutch—
Lou Tellegen

Hungarian—
Lya de Putti

EACH SPEAKS A DIFFERENT TONGUE

But each understood through the universal language—motion pictures

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

Seth Hughes gave an interesting characterization of "Clutie John" in St. John Ervin's *John Ferguson*, at the Little Theatre of Tulsa, Oklahoma

(*Upper and left*)
In these two settings for James Elroy Flecker's *Hassan*, Robert R. Sharpe, who designed them, used a stationary set which was easily transformed by the introduction of side doors and a change of back drops. The play was done at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where it had the first production ever made outside of New York and London

The Drama at the University of Washington

The columns which add so much to the dignity and beauty of the stage of the Sylvan Theatre, at the University of Washington, were preserved from the original University of Washington Building

SEATTLE, the seat of the University of Washington, is about three thousand miles from New York, which has been called "the world's theatrical center," but after viewing most of the road shows that visit Seattle, billed as "with the original New York cast," after "record-breaking runs of three or four years" in New York, lovers of other things than hokum in the theatre are realizing more and more that the day is not far distant when they will have to look to the university and other sources to supply practically all legitimate theatrical fare.

The University of Washington, through its Department of Dramatic Art and its productions, is steadily moving to a place theatrically that cannot be denied. Besides producing standard plays, carefully mounted, it is doing perhaps an even better thing to insure the future of good drama and good theatre in Seattle by educating audiences. It was Dr. Allardyce Nicoll of the University of London, writing in a recent issue of *The Mask*, who said "a strong body of cultured opinion, sure of its own purpose and self-consciously asserting itself, will ever have power over a heterogeneous body of unthinking, untrained and mentally licentious minds.

"To help in the preparation of this intellectual and imaginative leaven among the audiences of the future I take to be the first great task of the University. Only during the comparative leisure of their student days can men and women find time to study, and from their study, to appreciate the principles which underlie all permanent artistic advance in the world of the theatre. Only then can they acquire that historic background from which is born the philosophical judgment and truly critical taste. And given this historic background, they are enabled in the future to test by surer and more competent standards any manifestations of new artistry which the producer, the playwright or the actor may have to bring to them."

AT Washington the director of dramatics holds with Dr. Nicoll that the future of the drama is partly at least in the hands of the universities and that the students who are being yearly turned out in their thousands will form a portion of the audiences which go to swell the theatres, and because of their training, their influence will probably be greater than that of similar non-university sections among the spectators. And so, while at Yale Professor Baker is training playwrights, and while at North Carolina Professor Koch is training playmakers, at Washington, Professor Lovejoy and his co-workers are, among other things, training audiences. That is, of course, incidental to producing several fine plays a year.

PLAY production at the University of Washington is sponsored by the student body and directed by the Department of Dramatic Art. Plays are a student activity and all students are eligible to participate as actors, stage-hands, scene designers, painters and what not. Time was when there were rival producing organizations on the campus with casts limited to the members of these "select" groups. Later the rival groups consolidated. In 1922 play production was taken from the hands of the exclusive producing society and be-

Meany Hall, with its classic façade, very appropriately houses the University Theatre, at the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.

came an enterprise for the whole student body. Tryouts are open to all. In a season such as the present one upwards of a hundred actors are used in the course of the school year, with perhaps three to four times that number trying out. Seldom, since 1922, has any one player appeared twice during a year. Beginning this Fall, however, a new policy will be inaugurated, establishing a student stock company, open only to Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, that will function in the usual way of permanent repertory companies. The nucleus for the first company will be chosen at the beginning of the year and all actors who have not had training in speech in the Dramatic Art Department will be required to perfect themselves in standard speech before they will be used in a public performance. Freshmen student actors will form a junior group of players and will concern themselves with one-act productions in "The Crow's Nest," a small experimental theatre, on the top floor of Denny Hall, in the Dramatic Art classrooms. They will likewise be required to take a certain amount of speech training. After the year of apprenticeship in the junior group, the student actor will be eligible to membership in the stock company. Future productions, then, are in the hands of practiced groups of forty or fifty players, accustomed to one another, perfectly familiar with the methods and ideals of the director. As long as a student remains in the University he will retain his membership and will be used many times in many different parts. It is the hope of the director that the results of this policy will create a demand for a season of six or eight plays instead of the three or four of the present schedule.

The court-room scene in *Beggar on Horseback*, produced with masks, at the University of Washington, by Albert R. Lovejoy. The modernistic setting was by William Sutherland and the masks by Jull Kullberg

The use of clever posters stimulates interest in the University plays. The effective black-and-white poster (left), announcing *The White-Headed Boy*, is by Richard Bennett

DRAMATIC policies at Washington are shaped by the Department of Dramatic Art, whose Chairman, Albert R. Lovejoy, is director of productions in the University theatre. Burton W. James, an instructor in the department, is technical director, and all settings for the plays are designed in a class conducted by him. The Department of Dramatic Art was created at Washington in 1919, with the late Professor William Gorsuch as executive head. Play production for three years was supervised by Glenn Hughes, an instructor in the department. Under Mr. Hughes' direction were given *Clarence, Candida, As You Like It* (in the Sylvan Theatre), *Taming of the Shrew, Prunella, Florentine Tragedy* and *Pierre Patelin, The White-Headed Boy* and *The Importance of Being Earnest.*

THE Department of Dramatic Art offers ten courses and grants degrees of Bachelor of Arts in Dramatic Art and Bachelor of Fine Arts, with a major in Dramatic Art. Mr. Lovejoy conducts courses in Theatre Backgrounds, Play-acting, Play Production and Staging of Shakespeare. Mr. Hughes gives a course in Play-writing, which he has conducted at Washington for several years, and representing which three volumes of University of Washington plays have been published, and courses in the History of Theatre Art, and Representative Plays. Mr. James conducts a course in Theatre Workshop. Miss Margaret Crawford, a graduate of Columbia and former pupil of Professor Tilley, has charge of courses in phonetics. Mr. Fred Blanchard conducts a course in Dramatic Interpretation and acts as general assistant to the director. The department is one of the most rapidly growing of the University and at the present time has nearly a hundred major students. For the classes in play-acting and play production it boasts of a small theatre seating one hundred, with a workshop adjoining, where practical instruction in scene design, scene building and painting, theatre lighting, masks and make-up is given.

Masks, designed and executed by Norman Kelly, in the Theatre Workshop, conducted by Burton W. James at the University of Washington

THE University productions are presented in Meany Hall, the University auditorium, the stage of which has recently been remodeled and enlarged to meet the demands of all types of theatrical performances. Among the recent innovations of which the directors are particularly proud is a latest type of Ward-Leonard switchboard and dimming bank, operating a complete and thoroughly modern lighting system.

The College of Fine Arts at Washington will soon be housed in a new building, the plans for which include a fully equipped theatre seating several hundred. This theatre with its classrooms, laboratories and shops will house the Department of Dramatic Art and the University productions, and with the added facilities and large opportunities it is the hope of the Department of Dramatic Art to provide still more that "cultural center which may in its own way (however slight) improve the conditions of the theatrical world," especially as one finds it in Seattle, three thousand mile from the "world's theatrical center."

Under Mr. Lovejoy's direction, play production at Washington has put the University "on the map" theatrically, and the student body has come to regard Washington productions as serious artistic enterprises comparing favorably with the best that the traveling companies have to offer.

F · A · S · H · I · O · N · S

Miss Edwina Prue and Miss Ruth Raymonde, now playing in GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES wearing clothes selected from Marshall Field & Co.

MISS RAYMONDE

In a straight-line tunic frock of soft gold-metal cloth combined with black chiffon velvet

(*Lower right*)

MISS PRUE

In a white crystal-beaded evening gown. Paillettes and sea pearls form the floral designs in the flared skirt

(*Lower left*)

This stunning coat is of broadtail and trimmed with Hudson Bay sables

Imports and copies from
L. P. Hollander Co.

A copy of a Cyber coat in Burgundy velour, lined with gray crêpe to match the silver Pahmi shawl collar. The side and back panels are stitched. This coat is particularly suited to young girls

A Premet coat of black broadcloth, lined with black crêpe de Chine. The shawl collar and winged sleeve cuffs are trimmed with skunk fur. A very new feature is the flare cape from the right shoulder to a little below the waist-line

Black-and-gold brocade of rose design wrap with cape effect back, falling gracefully into points from the shoulders. Lined in black velvet and trimmed with black fox shawl collar

A black velvet cape, lined throughout with white velvet. A rose design, embroidered in chalk beads, makes a beautiful border around the bottom. The collar is of white fox

Photographs Irving Chidnoff

Miss Mildred Leaf, featured last season in the "Jazz Singer" and now rehearsing in a new play, selected these models from B. Altman & Co.

A particularly good coat for the campus and football games. It is reversible. One side is shaded plaid-effect cloth and the other dyed susliki fur. Leather, which is an important feature of the new mode, forms the collar and reveres and trims the pockets on the fur side of the coat

A reversible coat of stenciled kid fur and soft mixture cloth. Moose-blue squirrel trims the cuffs and forms the collar, which extends right down to the hem

A copy of a smart costume from Mary Nowitsky. In cocoa-color tashin, with contrasting bands of plaid in skirt and blouse and sleeves. The high neck is a unique feature. It buttons over both shoulders and can be worn low or high, as suits the mood of the wearer

Photos Irving Chidnoff

The small hat naturally follows the close bob and is therefore greatly in vogue this Fall. Pictured here is a Reboux variation of the close-fitting turban imported by Henri Bendel for Mary Young, distinguished stage star. In tone it combines all the Autumn coloring, the crown being of brocade and the helmet-shaped brim of black velvet

Black suède "Dorsay" pump, with an elegant cut-steel buckle

Silver futuristic brocade evening slipper, with silver kid heel and silver metal Parisian ankle strap. From Hanan & Son

"Le Trotteur," quite unusual and altogether new slave bracelet. A combination of gold and silver, untarnishable metal

PLAYING "HOOPLE" WITH "OUR GANG"

Hal Roach's rascals use a giant Pennsylvania vacuum tire as a hoop. And it takes nearly the entire gang to propel the bouncing hoop—between scenes of making Pathé comedies

Dorothy Phillips, with queenly airs, returns to her home from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in her Cadillac coupé. As in regal times, when royal treasures were brought in ships and on the backs of camels, this car contains rare woods, artistic inlays, rich upholstery and furnishings which would dazzle many a prince

A double test for the new 1927 Buick five-passenger sport touring-car! It bears up splendidly under a strain of quantity and quality, which the *Earl Carroll Vanities* Beauty Chorus is trying out

CARS THAT ARE STARS IN ANY SHOW

Through their grace, their elegance and ability to perform

Mary Philbin, the delicate little Universal star, says that she personally can take care of all the repairs her Lincoln touring car requires. This is how! Oh, for the love of a spark-plug!

Director Mal St. Clair filming Adolphe Menjou's Paramount picture, *A Social Celebrity*, went on location in Central Park in his new popularly priced Renault car, which through its unusual spaciousness for a sport model comfortably accommodates the long legs of the six-feet-two director. With him is Lonnie Dorsa

This is how they toured from coast to coast without a hitch—in an Auburn 8. The large type cowl ventilator provided ample ventilation for the front compartment, without furnishing layers of dust as accompaniment. The rear has all the comforts of home (vanity case, smoking set, electric cigar lighter, mirrors and a dome light) without its annoyances

THE GREAT GOD BROWN

(*Continued from page* 28)

Mr. Anthony! I need the devil when I'm in the dark. (*He goes off left, but can be heard talking.*) Your clothes begin to fit me better than my own. Hurry, Brother. It's time we were home. Our wife is waiting. (*He reappears, having changed his coat and trousers.*) Come with me and tell her again I love her. Come and hear her tell me how she loves you! (*Moves off toward the rear with a laugh of reassurance.*)

Billy Brown continues to pursue his dual rôle, letting it be known that Dion Anthony is in retirement working on some new plans. These latter are finally completed to the satisfaction of a building committee, who come to pay their respects to the architect. Brown, driven to the verge of insanity by the realization that without the force of Dion's personality playing through him his work would still be cheap and mediocre, in a fit of despair tears the plans to pieces. He rushes from the room and returns in the mask of Dion.

BROWN: Everything is all right, gentlemen—all for the best—you mustn't get excited. A little paste, Margaret. A little paste, gentlemen. And all will be well! (*He has edged toward the door. They are all staring at him in petrified bewilderment. He puts his finger to his lips.*) Sssh! This is Daddy's bedtime secret for to-day. Man is born broken. He lives by mending. The grace of God is glue! (*With a quick, prancing movement he has opened the door, gone through and closed it after him silently, shaking with suppressed laughter. He springs lightly to the side of the petrified draughtsman—in a whisper.*) They will find him in the little room. Mr. William Brown is dead! (*With a light leap he vanishes out the door. The younger draughtsman is the first to recover.*)

YOUNGER DRAUGHTSMAN: Mr. Brown is dead!

COMMITTEE: He murdered him! (*They all run into the little room off right. Margaret remains, staggered with horror. They return in a moment, carrying the mask of William Brown, two on each side, as if they were carrying a body by the legs and shoulders. They solemnly lay him down on the couch and stand looking down at him.*)

YOUNGER DRAUGHTSMAN: I'll phone the police.

* * * * * * *

BROWN staggers into the room of the woman Cybel, who greets him wonderingly, and tells him the officers have been there searching for someone, that he must hide. With a show of bravado, Brown dons the mask of Dion and struts before the window.

BROWN (*gaily, mockingly*): Welcome, dumb worshippers. I am your Great God Brown! I have been advised to run from you, but it is my almighty whim to dance into escape over your prostrate souls. (*Shouts from the garden outside and a volley of shots. Brown staggers back and falls on the floor by the couch, mortally wounded.*) CYBEL (*runs to his side, lifts him onto couch and takes off the mask of Dion, which she places on a stand under the light. She quickly puts on her own mask just as, after a banging on the doors, a squad of police with drawn revolvers, led by a grizzly-faced captain, run into the room. They are followed by Margaret, still distractedly clutching the pieces of the plan to her breast.*) Well—what do you want?

CAPTAIN (*points to the mask of Dion—triumphantly*): Got him! He's dead!

MARGARET (*throws herself on her knees, takes the mask and kisses it*): Dion! Dion! (*Sobs with grief.*)

CAPTAIN (*noticing Brown*): Hey! Who's he?

Cybel asks that they leave them alone for a moment and she will try to find out who he is. The captain and his men retire. Only Margaret remains, sobbing over the mask of Dion. BROWN (*feebly as he lies dying on the couch*): What's the prayer you taught me, mother! Our Father who art—— I know! I have found Him! The laughter of Heaven sows the earth with a rain of tears, and out of earth's transfigured birth-pain the laughter of Man returns to bless and play again in innumerable dancing gales of flame upon the knees of God! (*He dies.*)

CYBEL (*gets up and fixes his body on the couch. She bends down and kisses him gently, straightens up and looks into infinite space*): Always Spring comes again bearing life—life again—Summer and Fall and death and peace again! But always, always, love and conception and birth and pain again—Spring bearing the intolerable chalice of life again! Bearing the glorious, blazing crown of life again!

MARGARET (*lifts her head adoringly to the mask—triumphant tenderness mingled with her grief*): My lover! My husband! My boy! Good-bye. Thank you for happiness. And you're not dead, sweetheart. You can never die till my heart dies. You will live forever! You will sleep under my heart, forever under my heart! (*She kisses the mask again. There is a pause.*)

CAPTAIN (*comes just into sight at left and speaks front without looking at them — gruffly*): Well, what's his name?

CYBEL: Man!

CAPTAIN (*taking a grimy note-book and an inch-long pencil from his pocket*): How d'yuh spell it?

CURTAIN

THE PLAYGOERS' PARADISE

(*Continued from page* 30)

the opening scene, or if there were no break in a long first act, he would be permitted to come down the aisle, silently, on all fours, and wait, crouching beside his row until the curtain falls. Holders of pink or even green balcony tickets would have these perforated by the usher for each tardy appearance, and five offenses would entitle them to seats in a row of chairs placed at the rear of the house behind an aisle where the ushers would walk slowly back and forth.

This might be made to apply also to people leaving before the end of the play. Exemptions, of course, would be allowed for walking out on a vaudeville musician who is telling the audience that what has just mutilated on the piano is an example of the classical form. Neither should tardy perforations be given late comers at the Orpheum who arrive just in time to see the famous actress in the one-act play impersonating a charming crook posing as a Russian countess who turns out to be a lady detective after all, thereby avoiding the drunk comedian, the five performances of the Charleston, the lady bass and the knife-throwing act.

Mechanical excellence must not be overlooked for the spiritual elements in the Ideal plan. Countless devices for disposing of men's hats have been contrived for the convenience of the Restless Sex, but women continue to hold their own. A system of small tin lockers, released by a check similar to the umbrella rack, should be installed for matinée performances, in which the lady shopper who has dropped in to rest her feet would be required to deposit all rattly paper parcels.

For further convenience, some improvements applying to the stage, but important from the point of view of the audience, might be installed in the Playgoers' Paradise such as a prodding apparatus for actors who cannot be heard and an automatic device similar to that used on the coughing folk, placed in front of the curtain on the stage, that would drop actors who bow after death-bed scenes far enough down to give them time for thought as they climbed back up.

Hold waist high or eye level — and just press the release.

CINÉ-KODAK MOVIES

A Dream Come True

Hold eye level or waist high — and just press the release.

THINK of the thrill of it—movies you make yourself. Press the release on your Ciné-Kodak and you're making movies. Turn the switch on your Kodascope and you're *seeing* them. That's how easy it is—and the expense is little as you'll see.

To add variety to the evening's entertainment professional photoplays may be reasonably rented from Kodascope Libraries, Inc.—there are over four hundred feature dramas, comedies, animated cartoons from which to pick your program.

The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.5 lens, is priced at $70; with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.3.5, at an even hundred. The Kodascope C projector is $60.

A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope, and screen—as low as

$140

The thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If your dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Beaming from the peak of Moreno Highlands, over all of Hollywood, the film star's Spanish home gladdens the largest estate within the city limits of Los Angeles. Besides the twenty-one rooms, decorated in predominantly Spanish style, there is a laundry, garage for five cars, special servants' quarters, ice-making plant, hothouse, fruit trees and more than five acres of special flower and rose gardens, where almost every known specie of roses is under cultivation. A large pipe organ lends a unique touch

The luxurious living-room is executed in the manner of the Italian Renaissance, with blendings of Gothic tapestries, an early Ispahan Palace carpet and colorful needle-points. The Florentine ceiling, with wrought-iron chandeliers, complete the harmonious tone

Another view of the living-room, showing the fine Persian hangings and the colorful Spanish shawls draped from the balcony windows. The artistic Indian bronze, one of the rare works of Frederick Remington, contributes a flavor of the Western world

Antonio Moreno, about to plunge into the swimming-pool, where the shadows of *El Patio* play

ANTONIO MORENO'S HOME IS TWICE BLESSED

Blessed with the glowing warmth within and the radiant sun without

Far from Winter Winds— North Africa of Magic Beauty

A new playground of ancient splendor and modern luxuries
Only nine days from New York

Away from snow and sleet . . . far from the stress of life . . . there is a magic land curved round with an amethystine sea. Exotic perfumes are incense to the imagination. Vivid colors are banners of a brilliant tropical beauty. Sinuous and subtle, shrouded figures bring back the fascination of the stories of Scheherezade. It is the new playground of smart Continentals . . . North Africa!

Fifty-seven days . . . a de Luxe trip, including the crossing of the Mediterranean, a private automobile, luxurious hotel accommodations . . . for **$1450.** With shorter trips arranged . . . such as a thirteen day itinerary for **$120.**

"The longest gangplank in the world" will take you to this land of mosques and minarets . . . palms and mimosas . . . limitless desert sands and cities carved in beauty. De Luxe French Liners, the Paris and France, go to Plymouth, England . . . then Havre, the port of Paris.

One-Class Cabin Liners sail direct to Havre. No transferring to tenders. Down the gangplank to a waiting train. Paris in three hours . . . the Riviera over night . . . North Africa just a day across the Mediterranean . . with its 31 famous Transatlantique hotels . . . and thousands of miles of macadam roadway.

A colorful story of North Africa sent on request

French Line

INFORMATION FROM ANY FRENCH LINE AGENT OR TOURIST OFFICE, OR WRITE DIRECT TO 19 STATE STREET, NEW YORK CITY

GAGE HATS ALWAYS THE LAST WORD IN FASHION

Leona Hogarth, recently starring in New York in "The Great God Brown" and now playing opposite Frank Keenan in "Black Velvet," says she much prefers Gage hats. They are always just a little ahead of the times and give one the assurance of being correctly dressed for all occasions. A colorful turban of metallic brocade smartly complements her formal furs.

Gage Brothers & Co.

385 MADISON AVE.—NEW YORK — 18 S. MICHIGAN AVE.—CHICAGO

"HABIMA"—A THEATRE FOR THE JEWISH PEOPLE

(*Continued from page* 21)

the horrors of the Jewish Ghetto with Breughel-like grimness. In this "milieu," which is their very own, the "Habima" players move with the life-like realism and instinctive ease which Western artists, hampered rather than helped by training and theatrical notions, would be unable to produce.

Such theatrical methods, it stands to reason, permit of application only to a very limited species of plays. "The Hebrew theatre," says Zemach in his manifesto, "is only in its beginnings. It must needs go through all stages of evolution. It will in turn have its *commedia dell' arte,* its classic period, its romantic tragedy." And, one tacitly adds, its great poets and dramatists also. In order to eventually take its rank beside the theatre of the Western nations, the Jewish stage will have to bring forth its Shakespeare, its Goethe, even its Sardou and Henry Bernstein. For the present, the plays of the "Habima" are more or less primitively realistic descriptions of every-day life, with but an occasional hint of deeper significance. These dramas are, as it were, photographic reproductions of Jewish life—faithful but devoid of poetic subtlety. They permit of a small emotional scope in acting; their characters lack complexity and variety. They have the directness but also the crudeness of melodrama.

Are those right, then, who have compared the simple, unaffected acting of the "Habima" players to the methods of the Oberammergau actors? In one respect, at least, these Hebrew players are far ahead of those naïve Bavarian peasants. "Habima," let us not forget, hails from Russia, the home of all that is modern and progressive in contemporary theatrical art; and the productions of this Jewish company have the advantage of a stage management to which the epithet of greatness may be applied without any exaggeration. The *Dybbuk* is their *chef-d'œuvre,* and rightly so. Hardly a more compelling exhibition can be fathomed of true ensemble art, of bizarre fancy and bold imagination. On the unspoilt talent of these Jewish actors Wachtangow's master hand still plays as a great conductor plays on the instruments of his orchestra. From rudiments of Jewish national art—Hebrew language, Hebrew chants and Hebrew national dances—Wachtangow wove a pattern of unrivaled perfection. The transitions are hardly distinguishable: dialogue flows into song, and song bursts into dance; the well-balanced harmony of these primeval manifestations of human emotion provides homogeneity and coherence for what would otherwise seem a primitive play. The beggars' dance in the second act of *The Dybbuk,* to quote one example, when the tall, white bride stands erect amid the weird contortions of the poor, miserable human wrecks, makes a striking picture; and when the pitiful, uncanny, almost inhuman figures break into their ghastly, breathless dance, it is a gruesome vision of a bizarre *danse macabre*—a masterly synthesis of artistic grouping and intense dramatic expression. One clearly feels the master mind of a wonderful stage director: Wachtangow, disciple of Stanislavsky, the great Russian realist.

Stanislavsky himself had a hand in the production of *Jacob's Dream,* the Biblical drama by Beer Hofmann, "Habima's" only venture into Western literature and "art drama," its one deviation from innate realistic allegiance. For once naturalism gave way to lofty grandeur and poetic diction; and the limitations of these otherwise wonderful artists became at once apparent. Once they exchange their Russian kaftans for Biblical gowns and forsake prose for poetic verse, they succeed to the lure of stiltedness. Their utterance, otherwise genuine and sincere, lapses into declamation, and the monumental bigness of the Biblical characters turns insignificant and liliputian. These actors are too intensely human, perhaps, to cope with things superhuman and gigantic. As yet, at least: it is no doubt a question of training and routine. For their intellectual capacity is beyond doubt.

Even in Beer Hofmann's play, their weakest offering from a histrionic view-point, "Habima's" scenic setting was fascinating. The last act in particular was an apotheosis of scenic "abstraction," faithful to the ideas of Russia, that cradle of modern stage management. Imitation of nature does not enter into "Habima's" artistic scheme. Their settings are fertilized by the paintings of Mark Chagall in colors, lights and shadows, and their scenery "three-dimensional" like Tairoff's, with his exaggerated perspective and "cubistic" effects. This atmosphere of unreality and "expressionism" contrasts strongly with the company's ultra-realistic methods of acting. There is a gap somewhere, a hint of incongruity. These prophets of a new national art are visibly still under the influence of several, and occasionally counteracting, tendencies; it will remain for the near future to mutually balance these. Withal there is no doubt: the Hebrew national theatre is "marching," and "Habima" is its valiant and efficient pioneer.

DANDRUFF?

Now you can control it!

YOU need worry no more about dandruff, that unsightly nuisance, so embarrassing to both women and men.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease that no intelligent, fastidious person can afford to neglect. Because so often it is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—possibly baldness.

There is one ideal treatment to control dandruff conditions—the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. It really works wonders this way.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. You'll enjoy the cleansing, refreshing effect. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy.

Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

Well—it worked!
For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it!
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

The choicest of skins, expertly fashioned in the latest mode — such is an A-Jek-l Creation.

"It pays to buy where you buy in safety"

A. JAECKEL & CO.
Furriers Exclusively
Fifth Ave. Bet. 35-36 Sts., New York

A-JEK-L Furs

LITTLE HELEN HAYES

(*Continued from page* 32)

beloved old tennis racket or two, with notches in the handles for many victories.

There is an apartment on Park Avenue (again more conventional, somehow, than you would expect a pixie-creature like Helen Hayes to be) where the three of them live—Mother, Helen and the Peke—in singularly perfect harmony

"For remember," Miss Hayes puts in, "there are lots of girls who love their mothers and yet don't feel for them quite what I feel for mine. There's a best-pal-severest-critic bond between us that is absolutely real and not the thing you just say when you are being interviewed."

This comradeship is rather sweetly illustrated by an episode of the first night of the Barrie play. Among the stacks of telegrams handed in to Helen's dressing-room was a small flat parcel—a first edition of "Margaret Ogilvie, by her Son, James Barrie"—a happily chosen gift from June Walker.

To mask her own nervousness, Helen's mother began reading aloud from it, hoping at the same time to catch daughter's interest and calm the little star's opening-night tremors: "Chapter One . . . How My Mother Got Her Soft Face." . . .

Despite her preoccupation with metamorphosing Helen Hayes into Maggie Wylie with the jigging curls over each ear and the demure brown frock, the sprite at the dressing-table listened.

Barrie tells how, on the day he was born, his mother got stealthily out of bed to steal a look at six glorious, new hair-bottomed chairs that were almost, in that household, a greater event than the arrival of James.

"She was discovered," runs the tale, "barefooted in the west room doctoring a scar on one of the chairs, or sitting on them regally, or withdrawing and reopening the door suddenly to take the six by surprise. And then, I think, a shawl was flung over her (it is strange to me to think that it was not I who ran after her with the shawl)."

At this point Helen, who had become completely Maggie Wylie, turned:

"Oh, mother," she huskily whispered, "that's exactly like me. I can't bear to think there ever was a time when I wasn't with you! Read some more. . . ."

And Mamma Brown went on till she reached the passage:

"Neighbors came in to see the baby and the chairs. I wonder if she deceived me when she affected to think there were others like us, or whether I saw through her from the first, she was so easily seen through.

"When she seemed to agree with them that it would be impossible to send me to college, was I so easily taken in, or did I know already what ambition burned behind that dear face? . . . And when we were left alone, did I laugh at the great things that were in her mind, or had she to whisper them to me at first, and then did I put my arm round her and tell her I would help? Thus it was for such a long time, it is strange to me to feel it was not so from the beginning."

Silently, with a pat and kiss, Helen stopped her mother from reading. Time for the first entrance. . . . She went down to the stage with Barrie's own words in her ears, Barrie's own mother, along with her own mother, in her heart . . .

Is it just a coincidence that a newspaper critic wrote next morning:

"*What Every Woman Knows* was written in support of Barrie's favorite conviction that all women have the wisdom of the serpent and that all men are lummoxes. It was in short another love letter to Margaret Ogilvie from her son.

"And there were moments in Helen Hayes' playing last night when I had the notion that Margaret Ogilvie had been whispering to her. Indeed there were moments when I had the notion that Margaret Ogilvie had run back through the years and somehow strayed through the stage door of the Bijou Theatre."

Was it just a coincidence that the critic wrote that? Or did Helen Hayes' mother put into her child the spirit of that other mother by reading from the little book?

If you ask Helen she will nod her blonde head energetically and say: "My mother can do anything with me. She has done everything with me and for me."

If you press Helen to tell more about herself — how she learned to act, how it is she can merge herself into the self of whatever character she plays, young or not-so-young, demure, seductive, dream-child or flapper—you will get little. She dismisses herself casually, as is the case perhaps when what one does is done so naturally that the processes of doing it cannot be traced.

We asked, for example, where and how she learned that burry-gutteral Scotch talk of hers that so astonishes in the Barrie play. And that string of self-taught French with which she touchingly strives to please the "Comtesse de la Brière."

Miss Hayes waved a pair of misses' size hands to register "I don't know."

"Imitative faculty, I guess. Mother used to say she could always tell with whom I had spent the day by the accent I brought home with me!

"Of course, one needs training, but I don't believe you can teach a person to act. It is exactly as John Barrymore said when the aspiring young man asked how he should go about learning to be an actor. 'Well, you see,' said Mr. Barrymore profoundly, 'it's this way: A man can act Or he can't act. That's all there is to it.'"

Guerlain

Guerlain, indefatigable glorifier of the discreet American girl, first invented an indelible lipstick, to the great relief of males who resented beauty that was, alas! both transferable and telltale. He has now produced a new one—smoother to apply than the first, and richer in color. In addition, it is amusing to use for, when the cap is withdrawn, two tiny chains draw the lipstick into view; at the conclusion, a tug at the gay tassel removes it from sight.

All in a jade composition holder.

578, Madison Avenue, New York 68, Avenue des Champs-Elysées Paris

I. MILLER
Fifth Avenue
PRESENTS
The Sunburst

This charming one-strap shows a new decorative note in colored stitchery--to harmonize or contrast with the smart new effects in the afternoon costume!

I. MILLER
Beautiful Shoes
FIFTH AVENUE
at 46TH STREET

SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

EXIT THE POOR ACTOR!

(*Continued from page* 10)

average man. The English actor may still have to act like a gentleman, but our own can get along if they know how to suggest a man of affairs.

It would never occur to me that an actor is spoiled by too close attendance at Long Island week-end parties; on the other hand, the actor who builds himself a country house and leads a country-house life is pretty certain to withdraw a few of his energies from his work. Because it is an extremely attractive life, but it is not one which necessarily conduces to strength and variety of the imagination, to profound study and to wide and acute observation of human nature, all of which are fairly numbered as requisites in the actor's make-up. The life of poverty and of sacrifice has probably killed off a good many actors good and bad; below a certain level the actor is like most other people in beginning to think of bare necessities. Yet acting is a profession unlike medicine and law and bond selling in this: that thousands of men and women have stuck to it although they never made anything out of it, because to them it remained an art, and they were enslaved by its glamour or upheld by their own confidence.

Yes—we want glamour. We may say that glamour is all rot, that acting is a business like any other business, that actors are human beings not essentially different from other human beings. But in our hearts we *want* them to be different. We want them to be handsomer and wittier and more superior to ordinary morality than anyone else. We want them to have wild and scandalous lives, to have suicides laid to their credit, and broken homes, and wasted fortunes. We want their souls to smell of greasepaint, and their dressing-rooms to be sanctuaries into which only a few may penetrate. We want them to be as mysterious as the romantics of the theatre believe them to be. In order that they should conform to our ideals, we are willing for them to suffer poverty and social isolation and the hostility of the orthodox. What's the use of meeting Basil Barrymore if he is going to ask you how the market was to-day, or Ina Cornell if she is going to drive you out in her stunning new roadster to her even more stunning little place in the country and talk about motors and real estate all the way. Infinitely preferable the old type which could talk of nothing but his "art," which consisted chiefly in railing against the Klaw and Erlanger Trust which routed him badly, in spite of which he knocked them cold and stopped the show. For sheer romance the lives of the movie actors have blotted out the actors of the stage, because the former are still a novelty, and the vulgarity of their private lives (as advertised) is still shocking and secretly pleasing. On the stage itself the troupers, the vaudevillians, the acrobats and the comedians are becoming heroes, while the big-timers are becoming millionaires.

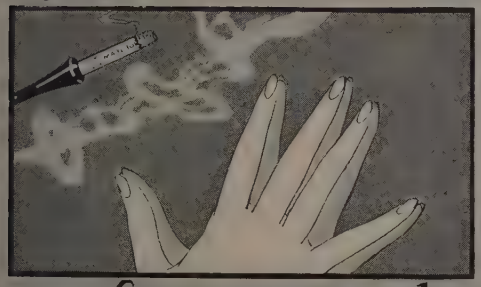
There is left a sort of Bohemia of the intellect among actors. Though they are not shabby, though they lead blameless lives, some of them still stick to out-of-the-way playhouses, to highbrow or modernistic plays, and they are never seen at the Algonquin and the actors' clubs. But gradually they undergo a change; they are discovered—everybody is discovered nowadays. They reluctantly accept an offer from a commercial manager who is, for once, going to do an artistic production. Or their own, very artistic, production, makes a hit and moves from Cherry Lane to Thirty-ninth Street, from Thirty-ninth Street to Longacre Square. The barrier between the artistic and the commercial has largely broken down, and it has carried with it the barrier between Bohemia and business. Socially, of course, the ancient prejudice is gone. The ban of the Church, the ban of Society have both disappeared; actresses live in respectability and die in the odor of sanctity. Whether the fact that they make money has anything to do with it, I don't know. *Pecunia non olet*—as the back of the dictionary says.

Still, as I said, one longs for romance. We took Gaby Deslys to our hearts because she, at least, had wrecked a kingdom (press-agent dope); she was as good as Lola Montez for our generation. There was an actress, and a very bad actress indeed, who was followed, it is said, all over Europe by an amorous monarch (why mention names, they are both dead?). But what we want is something closer at home and a sensation a little grander than a Carroll bathtub. We want a musical-comedy star to vamp a Senator or a member of the Cabinet; we want the protective tariff revised up or down because of an actress' whim; we want scarlet scandal in high life. And we are not likely to get them. Our players do not begin in the gutter; fewer and fewer of them are born in some out-of-the-way opera-house where their parents are playing one-night stands. And fewer and fewer of them end in jail or obscurity after a flare of passion and of scandal.

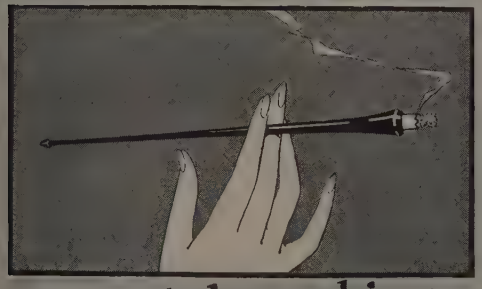
Still, it has its compensations. Meet an actor nowadays and *he* will buy the drinks.

Here's a cigarette
--MARLBORO

that starts well—
20 for 20¢



wins favor as you smoke—
sold everywhere



and ends by making a new friend every time

In One Short Year

MARLBORO Cigarettes have found a place of honor in pockets and handbags of leaders in almost every club and community in the United States.

Tried them yet? Say MARLBORO next time you walk up to a cigar counter! They lend an added charm to smoking.

Mild as May
20 *for* 20¢

MARLBORO
CIGARETTES

Created by PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd., Inc.

Sweet as the pipes of Pan

AUSONIA

a new note in fragrance

RECREATES an old Italian perfume of the luxury-loving days of Pompeii. The early Greeks gave the name to the whole of Italy. It meant happiness, laughter and beauty —power, fertility and fame.

AUSONIA is suggestive of the Orient. Yet it is like no present day fragrance. It is warm, enveloping, tenacious. Paris says its fragrance is mildly intoxicating.

ROGER & GALLET artists have been experimenting for years to obtain just this fragrance. Bottles and boxes are new in form and color and most artistic. First importations include

Extract—Toilet Water—Face Powder

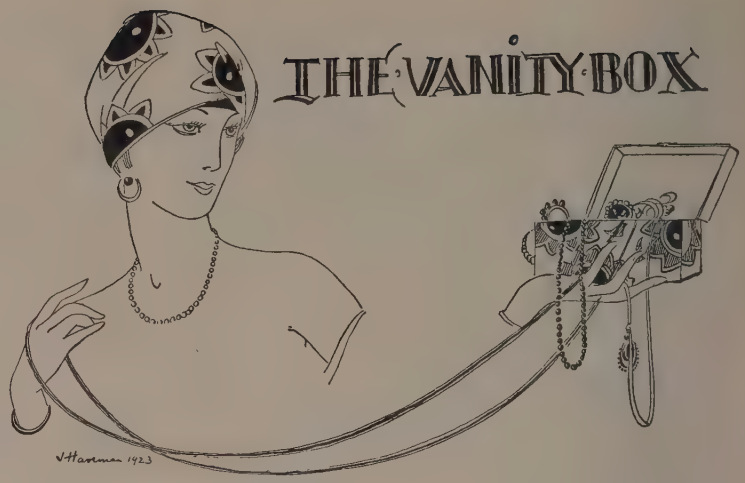
AUSONIA will take high place with *Fleurs d'Amour*, *Le Jade*, *Violette de Parme* and the many other world famous creations of

ROGER & GALLET

Parfumeurs-Paris
709 Sixth Avenue, New York

Canadian Agency:
Emile Mériot
103 rue St. François-Xavier,
Montreal

THE VANITY BOX



HAVE you ever, dear reader—but, of course, you have—how very silly of us—everyone has taken tea at the Ambassador some time or other. Everyone, that is, who is aspiring, and to quote from a former Broadway favorite, "Aren't we all?"

We sat in the Ambassador lounge on a Monday afternoon recently, just around the time when one's inner self gets querulous on the subject of tea. The world apparently was passing in review, or so it seemed to our slightly benumbed senses, when out of the welter of well-dressed and about-to-be-fed humanity there emerged a distinct consciousness that someone we knew was approaching. "Alice Brady," we murmured, and looked up to find the verification at hand charmingly embodied in the person of the dainty star.

As we sat at tea together it occurred to us that perhaps we were becoming clairvoyante. When this idea was tentatively offered with our second cup, Miss Brady laughed.

"You don't know why, do you?" she said. We admitted that we hadn't the faintest idea.

"Haven't noticed my perfume, have you?" she suggested.

Most assuredly we had, but, we pointed out, it seemed so very much a part of her that we could not believe that that was the responsible cause.

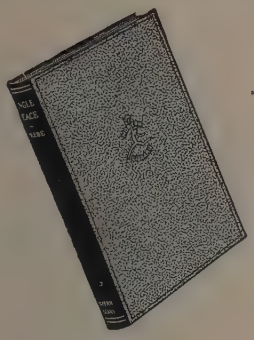
"Oh, yes," she assured us, "it's the latest thing—a personally prepared perfume. Really personal? Quite so, I assure you. You wonder how it can be done, I suppose. Well, to believe it you must meet the woman who perfects the perfume. She has a marvelous knack of getting from you at once the very essence of your spirit, and besides that she is a most remarkable expert in the perfumer's art. Somehow or other she can get from you or from a carefully prepared analysis sheet of questions which she will send you a complete picture of yourself. Putting it in another way, she transmits personality into perfume. Her personal analysis questionnaire is prepared from a psycho-analytic standpoint and is designed to draw out the fundamental and salient points of one's character.

"Once this is done, her task is to compound the one blend of various scents which will best harmonize with one's essential spirit and which will emphasize one's innate attraction.

"Most interesting, I can assure you, and very much worth doing because when she has finished, the perfected result is what you would have made for yourself if you had the requisite knowledge—and tastefully boxed, too, I must say."

What could we say after that except to thank her for an interesting light on a new possibility in the art of Charm? As we parted outside the revolving door there was wafted to us on the evening atmosphere a reminiscent touch of our delightful companion.

For the name and address of the person perfecting the personalized perfume, write the Vanity Box, care of THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*



A Shelf of Plays

The Modern Library has attained an international reputation because of the high literary quality of the volumes published in this edition, the craftsmanship employed in the printing and the handy compactness of the books.

Theatre Magazine's readers now have an opportunity to secure some of the volumes bound in the handy and attractive Modern Library binding. The works of these famous dramatists are available, each number representing one complete volume:

Number 83—Oscar Wilde, "Salome," "The Importance of Being Ernest" and "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Number 36—Hendrik Ibsen, "Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm" and "League of Youth."

Number 32—Arthur Schnitzler, "Anatol and Other Plays."

Number 111—Eugene O'Neill, "The Moon of the Caribbees and Other Plays of the Sea."

Number 26—W. S. Gilbert, "The Mikado and Other Plays."

Any one of the above volumes retails at 95 cents. You can get any two of them FREE with one year's subscription to Theatre Magazine at $4.00. Please order the two books desired by the numbers indicated. These books will make an appropriate and attractive Christmas gift, if ordered at once.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

2 WEST 45TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

Carolina Folk Plays

A FASCINATING CONTRIBUTION TO OUR DRAMATIC LITERATURE

Edited with an introduction on Folk Playmaking by Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, who founded the Dakota Playmakers and the Carolina Playmakers.

An appendix on the dialect by Professor Tom Peete Cross, and illustrations on the actual productions. Five plays: Elizabeth A. Lays' "When Witches Ride" (3 m., 1 w.)—Harold Williamson's "Peggy," the tragedy of a tenant farmer's daughter (4 m., 2 w. and a boy)—Heffner's "Dod Gast Ye Both," a moonshiner's comedy (6 m., 1 w., a thicket in the mountains)—Dougald Macmillan's "Off Nag's Head or The Bell Buoy." Of an old woman, a mad storm and land pirates (2 m., 4 w.)—Paul Green's "The Last of the Lowries" (Croatan Outlaws, 1 m., 3 w.).

These plays are the most significant examples of American Folk Drama. They were successfully given under the direction of Prof. Koch by his students in the Carolina Mountains. With the exception of the third, all could be given in a single hut interior, slightly varied. The clear illustrations should be a great help in setting and costume. Simple and easy to act as these plays are, they are frequently strongly emotional, yet absolutely "clean." Has Professor Koch done for America what the Abbey Players did for Ireland?

What the Reviewers Say

Walter Prichard Eaton in The Drama: "Frederick Koch is doing a wonderful work. . . . He is teaching young people to write their own plays, about their own people and their lives, stage them, costume them, act them."

Paul L. Benjamin in The Survey: "A rich and splendid vein of our native drama."

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Carolina Folk Plays" sells at $1.75. You can get it FREE with one new yearly subscription to Theatre Magazine.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen:

I enclose herewith $4.00, for which please enter the following yearly subscription and send me FREE, a copy of "Carolina Folk Plays."

.....

.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

Foreign custom duties extra

USE PRODUITS BERTIE ONCE A DAY

and there never will be a tell-tale wrinkle on your face, neck, or throat.

Being free from animal fats, PRODUITS BERTIE will not coarsen the pores, or incite the growth of hair on the face — a fault common to most cosmetics.

PRODUITS BERTIE are of SUPERLATIVE EXCELLENCE prepared and bottled in France by Mme. Bertie, are in liquid and semi-liquid form, making a unique, yet simple, treatment, which penetrates well into the skin, building firm tissues, removing wrinkles, creating and preserving

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

Lait d'Oesype, the skin nourisher and cleanser.
Lait Mediana, the skin refiner.
Eau Detersive, the wonderful astringent.
Creme Mediana, "the foundation cream for powder that is so different from other creams."
Poudre Mediana, the unusally fluffy sterilized face powder.

PRODUITS BERTIE
OF PARIS
DÉPOT AMERICAIN
120 West 42nd Street
New York City

"SECRETS DE LA BEAUTÉ"

Madame Bertie's Brochure upon essential elements of the Toilette as understood by women of social and artistic circles of Europe, sent on request.

BILLET OF REQUEST
Produits Bertie Depot Americain, The
120 West Forty-second St., New York
Send me, if you please, Madame Bertie's Brochure, SECRETS DE LA BEAUTE without cost to me.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

THE TALE OF TWO MANUSCRIPTS

(*Continued from page* 22)

came when Mame, putting resentment aside, saved Janie by playing the latter's bookie at his own game and fleecing him out of enough money at craps to pay for the shortage. Bill's eyes are by this time opened to the shallowness of Janie, and he returns to Mame, who thereupon withdraws the oath she made when Bill jilted her, to "love 'em and leave 'em."

It will be seen how the playwright reversed the order of things as stated in the original poem, making a girl the complainant and thus adhering to the well-established principle that the woman pays.

But Harris was not satisfied with the play and ordered revision. No less than seven times was the script rewritten and during the interval another scene was inserted, in which Janie, a consistent character, vamps away the married manager of the store in the end and defies her sister to prevent her from going off with him. This is a strong, realistically dramatic scene and gives the play needed ballast.

After this last chapter was written the play went into production. It was hailed as a success and ran for some six months.

Thus you have a manuscript from its inception to final realization. During this progress enough happens to provide material for a novel, and in true fictional style success is wrested from the wreckage of failure, bringing prosperity to (in this case three) deserving young people.

AN even more adventurous existence was the destiny of that famous pug comedy, *Is Zat So?* written also in slang.

You learned from the tale of *Love 'Em and Love 'Em* that by faith, perseverance and initiative an abandoned play can be hauled out of the storehouse and turned into a hit. Now see how a play that had been rejected by practically every producer on Broadway triumphed over this consensus of professional opinion against it and developed into a million-dollar hit.

Every Broadway historian, in speaking of *Is Zat So?*, tells you that it all began in the Lambs' Club grill-room. Even though some of you have therefore heard it before, let me also begin by saying that it all began in the Lambs' Club.

In that celebrated institution two actors were eating as frugal a lunch as it is possible to obtain at the Lambs' Club, the frugality being induced not by an inherent asceticism, but by uncompromising necessity. Both were out of work and both were short of cash.

Bitter opinions against managers who were slow in recognizing their talents gradually changed to equally bitter complaints that those who had engaged them had failed to provide them with proper parts.

"I guess," remarked one of them, "we won't get a decent part until we write one ourselves."

"Bully idea!" responded the other. "Let's!"

"What?" asked the first.

"Write a play for ourselves."

So was *Is Zat So?* born, written by the two actors mentioned above, James Gleason and Richard Taber.

In his younger days in San Francisco, Gleason had known some prize-fighters, and at the time of the Lambs' Club conference, Dempsey was still a public hero. The theme of the projected play was therefore decided quickly; it was to be a comedy of fight life.

"How shall we begin it?" queried Taber.

"We'll make the first scene show a big sap of a fighter with his sharp little manager sitting on a bench in Central Park and scheming how to get themselves out of hock."

This was agreed to. The actors went home and began to wrack their brains how to get the boxer and his manager out of the predicament they had placed them, a predicament, it might be interesting to point out, inspired by their own gloomy circumstances.

When the play was finished Taber was playing in a stock company in Detroit. The piece was tried out by this company and looked very good—to the authors. Gleason was then given the script and began his attempts to place it.

There are two prominent producers in New York who used to be managers of fighters: Sam H. Harris and William A. Brady. George M. Cohan was a friend of Gleason's. These were therefore three good prospects for *Is Zat So?* as the piece was called. In addition, every other producer in the metropolis is a fight fan. There was indeed high hopes for the new play.

Well, for one whole year Cohan had it in his office, attached to a promise that he would read it. During these twelve months Gleason kept prompting him as persistently as he safely could; Cohan's own secretary, who had taken a liking to the comedy and sympathized hugely with the authors, took every opportunity to remind the boss that *Is Zat So?* was scheduled for a reading.

But the year went by and the play remained unread.

Brady turned the piece down without much thought. No one seems to remember what reasons he gave—much less Mr. Brady himself.

The script was sent to A. H. Woods three times and always came back.

A noted play-selling organization used their efforts to market it without success.

Sam H. Harris, on whom the authors had placed great hope, agreed

(*Concluded on page* 64)

5261 ATB
"Tapestry" enameled in beautiful designs of varying colors. 24 karat gold finish. Bag is silk-lined with mirror.

Fashion's Edict

Fashion's edict for Fall—intimate blending of color in hat, gown, hose, shoes and *accessories.*

To be absolutely correct, Milady should choose her color design from the authentic new Fall shades—Gypsy, Romance, Autumn or Neptune.

The new Whiting Costume Bags, always correct, blend exquisitely with these new colors. Whiting Costume Bags have become a necessity for *every* costume—and their reasonable cost enables Milady to purchase one for every ensemble. See the new designs now.

At leading jewelers and jewelry departments

Whiting & Davis Co.
Plainville (Norfolk Co.), Mass.
In Canada, Sherbrooke, Que.

"For Gifts That Last
Consult Your Jeweler"

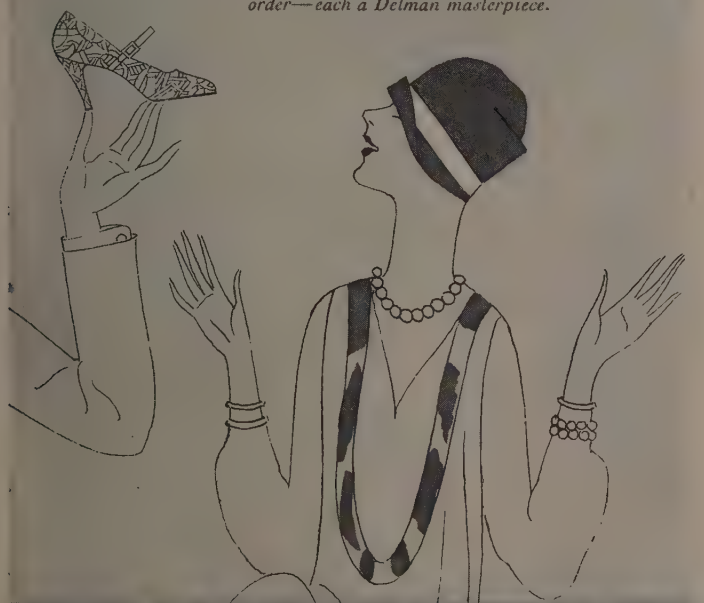
Whiting & Davis Costume Bags
Hand in Hand with Fashion

Delman Sways the Mode

RENÉE
Paisley Brocade, Silver Kid Piping. Gold Brocade, Gold Kid Piping. Silver Brocade, Silver Kid Piping. Newest Spike Heel

Loveliness in Feminine Footwear—most perfectly reflected in Delman Creations for the New Season . . . Street, Sport, Evening!

ALL HAND-MADE. Ready to Step into—or to order—each a Delman masterpiece.



DELMAN Inc.
558 Madison Avenue Bet. 55 and 56 Sts.
New York

Hickson INC.
COUTURIERS
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET
NEW YORK

FURS of Quality expertly fashioned into Coats and Wraps of distinct individuality, typically Hicksonian in elegance. For all occasions.

GOWNS, Tailored Suits, Wraps, whether direct importations or Paris inspired infallibly interpret the Season's Trend in correct attire.

Obtainable at their shops only

NEW YORK PARIS BUFFALO BOSTON

Sound Investments— Good For You

A SOUND investment must meet a few rather plain demands. It must safeguard money. It must convert readily into cash. It must pay good interest.

NO INVESTMENT is equally good for all individuals. Before a man's money can be wisely placed, several personal factors must be studied.

A MAN'S income tax should, of course, be considered. The provisions of his will should be skilfully met. Each new investment should make a balance with his present investments. His personal plans, too, may be important. For example: Is he in business? Does he intend to remain active? Does he plan to stay at home or to travel?

THE individual seldom has the necessary experience to fully deal with his own investment problems. Good judgment prompts him to draw on seasoned knowledge.

WITH a background of one hundred and fourteen years' financial experience, The National City Company has equipped itself to study and meet individual investment problems.

ELEVEN thousand miles of private wires keep us in direct touch with the investment centers of the country. We maintain offices in 50 leading American cities. We supplement this close touch with domestic conditions by world-wide foreign connections.

A NATIONAL CITY COMPANY representative will know how to use the equipment of the Company in your interest.

YOU may get in touch with a representative by addressing The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York, or by visiting our office in your city.

The National City Company

Head Office
National City
Bank Building
New York

Bonds
Short Term Notes
Acceptances

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENT OFFICES

ALBANY
ATLANTA
ATLANTIC CITY
BALTIMORE
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
DAVENPORT
DENVER
DETROIT
HARTFORD
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE, KY.
MEMPHIS
MIAMI, FLA.
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEWARK
NEW ORLEANS
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME.
PORTLAND, ORE.
PROVIDENCE
ROCHESTER
SAN DIEGO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
ST. LOUIS
SAINT PAUL
TOLEDO
WASHINGTON
WILKES-BARRE
MONTREAL
TORONTO
LONDON
COPENHAGEN
GENEVA
TOKIO
SHANGHAI

THE TALE OF TWO MANUSCRIPTS

(*Concluded from page* 62)

with them that it was fairly good, but required much rewriting. He suggested that they collaborate with Owen Davis and revise the script.

Gleason and Taber respected Davis, but being well-fried actors, and not ardent young playwrights, they felt no inclination to share their royalties with a third party.

By this time two years had gone by since the play was finished. Wearied by bringing the manuscript to its various temporary berths, and discouraged because there were very few new berths to provide for it, the authors decided to produce the play themselves. In association with Earl Boothe, they scraped together a little sum, assembled a company and went into rehearsals.

It chanced that Fannie Brice, the comédienne, being present one afternoon at a rehearsal, was moved by a spirit of wild speculation and invested $5,000 in *Is Zat So?* With this money the company went to Worcester, Mass., for a tryout and came back broke.

A manuscript, having achieved the dignity of a professional performance in a recognized tryout town, ceases to be looked upon in the light of a bit of driftwood. The Shuberts listened with sympathy to Messrs. Gleason, Taber and Boothe, and promised to give the show a look-over if it was staged for their examination.

Consequently, on a bare stage, the actors going through their lines in street clothes, *Is Zat So?* was presented during an idle afternoon, while trepidation filled every heart in the cast.

The report on the performance, given by a Shubert ally, George McClennan, was favorable, and a New York opening was arranged for.

Unostentatiously, in fact, fearfully, and rather ashamed of itself, *Is Zat So?* slipped into town. Every leading critic was present—elsewhere—and sent his assistant to undergo the ordeal of a new play that was obviously one of those things which are brought to life by enthusiasm and killed quickly by lack of it.

What happened that night is now history. The play was an instantaneous success.

STARS IN THE MAKING

(*Continued from page* 9)

it was the hottest Saturday night in forty years and people hadn't strength to applaud.

Louise Brown's life is a line between her teacher, Tarasoff's studio and the stage door. Her mother is always with her. A young newspaper man told me he was going to take Miss Brown to a professional matinée. I said: "Her mother will be with you." He said: "You are mistaken, sir." But I wasn't. I saw them enter. They were three, Miss Brown, her mother, and the bewildered young newspaper man.

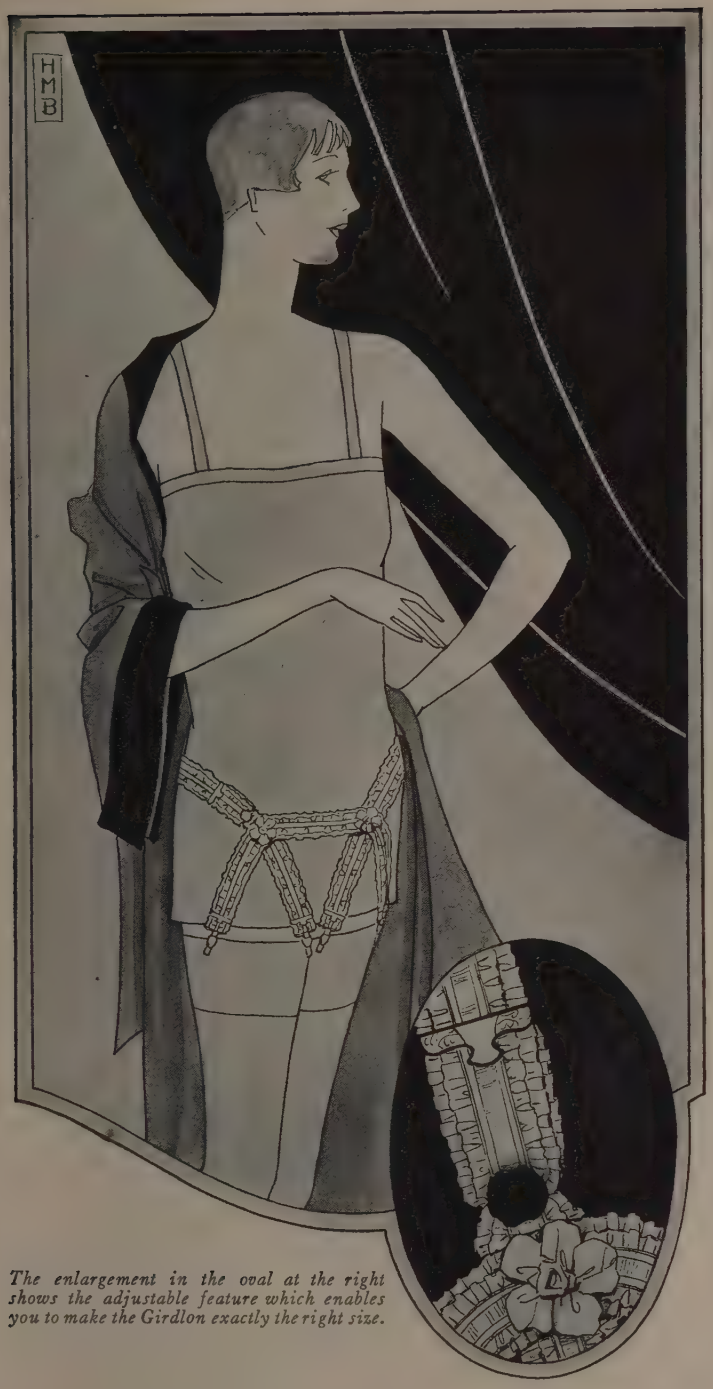
I spoke of her possession of all the traits of a star. She has magnetism, personality, dynamic power, a force behind the precision of all that she does, and she literally lives for the theatre. She thinks nothing else. I intend to make of her a star and I predict that she will be one of the first magnitude in her arc of the heavens.

Granted star-dust, there must be material. That it is the manager's business to find. There are stories of stars being able to make an audience weep by repeating the Lord's prayer. But no star could keep an audience in its seats throughout an evening by repetition of that classic of supplication. The manager would have to find something else, much else, to keep his stars shining.

I have seen stars rise and set. The reason for their setting is found in themselves. Not that they didn't possess enough star-dust to keep them shining, nor that the manager did not supply material for their continuous burnishing. When stars flicker out after a few seasons, and one sees nothing of them for five or six years it is not because the manager has grown indifferent to their success, nor that the public has been fickle. It is because they permit other interests to divide their time and thought and strength with the stage. That division is fatal.

I do not believe that marriage and matrimony hinder stardom. Not if the marriage is a happy one. But following after the false gods of society or the stock-market, or drink or any form of dissipation, indubitably will.

A star cannot be made by his name in electric lights. Neither by his name in large letters in the newspaper advertisements nor on the bill posters. These merely call attention to something that is extraordinary. An extraordinary power to draw humanity in streams to the playhouse. If an actor have not this, he may have all else and cost his mourning and mistaken manager a fortune in trying to make a star of one who is no star.



The enlargement in the oval at the right shows the adjustable feature which enables you to make the Girdlon exactly the right size.

A most important accessory

No accessory of modern dress is more important than the garter—especially when you go without a corset.

The Girdlon, in dainty hued webbing or shirred ribbon to harmonize with your lingerie, will hold your stockings trim and smooth. It is perfectly comfortable, with no pinching at the waist, because it is worn around the hips where you hardly feel it—and it is so designed it simply cannot slip down.

George Frost Company, Boston
Makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men

In three sizes—small, from 28 to 33-inch hip measure; medium, 34 to 39-inch; large, 40 to 45-inch. Shirred ribbon, $2 and $2.50; rayon frill elastic, $1.50, $1.75 and $2; cotton frill elastic, $1—postpaid. If your favorite shop does not carry the Girdlon, write us, giving size and color desired.

Velvet Grip

GIRDLON

BAG-DABS*

Smart women carry Edouardo Bag-Dabs!*
Have you yours?

If not, you will find them at all the best shops.

BAG-DABS* MAKE AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Satisfactory Solid Perfumes.

In dainty, hand-painted Galilith boxes from France and—

Bag-Dab* Jarrons filled with the newest and most entrancing odeur "Nuit Divine."

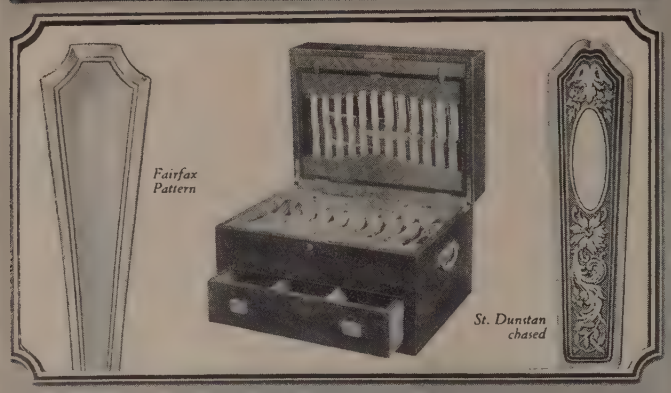
"Riffs"—Single—filled with solid perfume. "Double Riffs" contain solid scent and rouge. "Riffs" containing lip-stick.

"Edouardo" imports a full line of French perfumery and novelties, and also the famous "Proka" Products of Vienna.

Parfums "Edouardo" a Corporation
20 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY
GRASSE, FRANCE

*Trade Mark Registered

"NOTHING EVER TAKES THE PLACE OF SILVER"



Solid Silver Flatware

We have prepared an illustrated booklet showing favored patterns of the best American Table Silver. We shall be pleased to send you a copy on request.

Chests of 99 pieces (without drawer) *from* $300
Teaspoons *from* $9.50 the ½ dozen
Knives and Forks (Dessert Size) *from* $20 the ½ dozen

SPAULDING & CO.
Jewelers and Silversmiths
Michigan Avenue at Van Buren Street, CHICAGO
EVANSTON BRANCH 1515 Orrington Avenue
PARIS BRANCH 23 Rue de la Paix

L. P. Hollander Co

EVENING FASHIONS

CHARMING Dresses for formal and semi-formal occasions. Evening Wraps of Beauty and Distinction.

These collections are composed of personal selections from the best Paris designers and our original models and adaptations, and represent the acme of good taste.

552 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK
202 Boylston Street BOSTON

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 18)

to cavort. The good things in the play didn't have a chance. With the very rise of the curtain the bad-mannered exhibit began and continued to the close of the first act.

The play introduces a clergyman into this noisome set, and its *motif* is the attempt to seduce this clergyman. With a little more subtlety the theme might have gotten by, but the environment and attack were a little too raw for even our modern hard-boiled art patrons. Interwoven with this are the philanderings of Guy Warren (Edwin Nicander) with the flapper, and similar blandishments between the flapper's husband, Tom Widdemer (W. E. Lawrence), and Warren's wife (Josephine Drake). In point of fact, the way in which anybody's wife is everlastingly hanging about the neck of anybody else's husband is a caution! Mr. Nicander did excellent work as the middle-aged Lothario; Juliette Day, as the married flapper, was unusually expert; Mr. Hicks was good to look at as the minister.

IT is always as well to have one's last act in mind before writing one's first. Many well-intentioned plays have been wrecked by a lame conclusion. If Maraget Vernon, who wrote *Yellow,* which George Cohan presented at the National Theatre, had only given us some compensation for all the distress that was so interestingly set forth in the earlier scenes of her play, it would have been written down a success. But, alas, in spite of one of the best all-round casts that has been assembled this season, her last scene left everything high and dry. The theme of the play was the old one of the wronged woman and her ultimate descent into hopeless ruin. The acting throughout was fine, but wasted. Young Chester Morris gave a fine picture of the demoralized seducer. Hale Hamilton was the would-be hero who tried to salve the misery of the piece, and Shirley Warde with great intensity and power realized the forlorn victim. There were fine performances given by Marjorie Wood as the latter's friend, by Spencer Tracy as the uncouth but genuine bank clerk, by Selena Royle as the charming girl who became the seducer's wife, by Daniel Pennell as a plain-clothes man and by Harry C. Bannister as an inspector. The last named should serve as a model for all future attempts at the type.

AFTER a long succession of terrible plays—one worse than the other for sheer inanity—the new season saw at last at the Broadhurst Theatre a piece with color. pep and sure-fire theatrical effect. One could expect no less of a play called *Broadway* than that it should be picturesque, racy, and intense, and certainly the spectators were not disappointed in this new show by Philip Dunning and George Abbott (co-author of *Is Zat So?*), which lets them see what goes on behind the scenes of a night-club cabaret.

The characters are bootleggers, hijackers and pistol toters, presumably the night club's best patrons. These crooks, all good types of New York's underworld, represent rival bootlegging gangs. Each gang disputes the other's right to do business in the territory, and the play begins with the murder of one of the gang leaders. The manager of the club is distracted. Not only is he himself a victim of blackmail, but his performers are unruly. Yet the night's show must be kept going at all costs and he must hoodwink the police who, scenting trouble, have sent a plain-clothes man over from headquarters. These complications furnish all the drama one wants. The atmosphere all through the evening is tense, thrilling—the real thing. Where the play scores most heavily, however, is in the quality of its comedy, the humor of its comic situations. Here a clever comedian named Lee Tracy (seen previously in *The Show-Off*) particularly distinguishes himself as a vaudevillian "hoofer" in love with one of the girl dancers (Sylvia Field). His antics, his awkward love-making, his colossal egotism, his attempts to keep his "spotless lamb" from the lecherous bootlegger, the while he worries how to get his own name in the electric lights, furnish a lot of hilarious, unadulterated fun.

The life behind the scenes, the quarrels with the irate manager, the hair-pulling between the ladies of the chorus, the tough talk of the "profesh"—all this comedy, amid the grim smoke of the bootleggers' warfare, goes to make a novel, exciting, interesting show. It may not be high art. The talk is often vulgar, particularly where the "hoofer" threatens to slap his fiancée on that part of her anatomy not usually mentioned in polite society. The spectacle, too, of the "hoofer" removing his pants in full view of the audience and proposing marriage to his lady love in his underdrawers, is also not strictly according to Hoyle. But taken all in all it is capital entertainment of its kind. For those who like to get a glimpse of underworld life, *Broadway* is just the sort of play they will enjoy.

A PAIR OF SIXES comes to life again at the Ambassador in musical form as *Queen High.* This old farce is now embellished with plenty of high kicking, saxophoning and singing. The result is a rollicking musical comedy with plenty of pep and several favorites in the cast to make it popular with the public. Two business partners in a garter-business quarrel in the same old lusty way they did when they worked

(*Continued on page* 68)

They say nothing, Gentlemen, they convey much

Louis Sherry

New York Paris

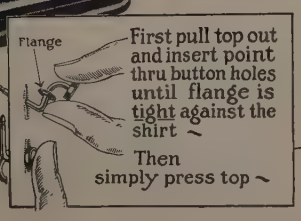
And at Selected Confectioners

Gentlemen: THE DRESS STUD has been IMPROVED

Radically improved. You need struggle no longer with one hand inside and one outside the shirt. The new Kum-a-part dress stud goes in from the front — thru *both* stud holes, and anchors from the front with a mere push of the finger. The characteristic Kum-a-part "click" tells you the stud is "there" until you desire to remove it. Then a slight pull withdraws the anchor and takes out the stud with one motion.

THE BAER & WILDE CO., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

KUM-A-PART PRODUCT for Evening Wear



Insist on genuine Kum-a-parts whether you buy dress sets for evening wear or cuff buttons for daily use. The name "Kum-a-part" is your assurance of correct design, superior craftsmanship and lifetime service.

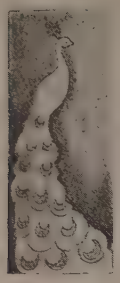
At Jewelers and the Better Men's Shops

GIFTS THAT LAST

FALL AND WINTER

MILLINERY
GOWNS • FURS
TEA GOWNS
HANDKERCHIEFS
LINGERIE • HOSIERY
BAGS & NOVELTIES

Henri Bendel
INCORPORATED
GOWNS HATS FURS
WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET
LONDON NEWPORT NEW YORK PARIS PALM BEACH



ART IN SHOES

The Parisian piquance of this new Peacock Model, the "Frenchy" (illustrated), suggests how utterly Peacock Shoes for Fall are in concert with "*what is to be*" ... They are the first exclusive designs of Peacock stylists in New York, Paris and London ... In materials that caress the foot, in styles that accentuate the smooth contours of aristocratic ankles, the new Peacock Models are created for women who respect, yet would be in advance of, the mode ... They are being shown at better shops throughout the country.

NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON

PEACOCK SHOES

MANUFACTURED BY BOYD-WELSH

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 66*)

together in *A Pair of Sixes*. Their difficulties are settled in the same way they were in farce form: their lawyer induces them to play a hand of poker, the loser to be the other's butler for a year. Only this time their tribulations are alleviated by making jazzy interpolations.

Frank McIntyre, more rotund than ever, and Charles Ruggles, the nimble-footed, careen and cavort and battle their way through the plot of the piece, providing plenty of material for laughs, aided by Gaile Beverly as the amorous housemaid who, when she isn't making love, which is seldom, is doing some very athletic dance stuff. Graceful Mary Lawlor, dancing with much ease and charm, is half of the romance team of the piece. The other half is Clarence Nordstrom. To them falls most of the tuneful and sentimental lyrics, including "Don't Forget" and "Cross Your Heart," the catchy reprise number, which is sure to be a popular song hit.

Luella Gear, clever comédienne, exercising subtle restraint in her work, depending mostly in telling vocal inflections and significant gestures for her effects, isn't on the stage half enough to suit the audience. There is some difficult trick dance stuff by a youth named Edwin Michaels and plenty of snappy high kicking by an exceptionally young and attractive and well-dressed chorus.

WHO was the vandal who first decreed that every musical comedy must wear military clothes, be European, tolerate an ambitious queen who orders that the code of royalty dictates that if hearts must break—it should be her son's and not the country's? *Castles in the Air*, at the Selwyn Theatre, came under that influence, too. Of course, the prince is in love with an American girl, who can be of no material assistance to his devastated Belgium. Vivienne Segal's voice would have sounded quite as lovely as a poor little beggar girl who builds castles in the air that fall down on her head just as calamitously—Bernard Granville would have contributed his wit and clever dancing just the same—J. Harold Murray his inoffensively thin voice and Thaïs Lawton her histrionic flavor if the musical comedy were sans brass buttons and castle walls. There were a few musical numbers that were quite delightful. "Baby," a fox-trot lullaby, sung by Mr. Granville and ensemble, in their colorful peasant clothes, with walking dolls who were manipulated into dancing steps; and although the spectrum is growing dimmer and dimmer, another "Rainbow of Your Smile," sung by Mr. Murray, pleased the audience greatly. The duet, "My Lips, My Love, My Soul," sung by Miss Segal and Mr. Murray, was done well, but the composition sounded like the ghost of the past musical-comedy hits. Raymond W. Peck, who wrote the book and lyrics, feels confident that the public adores royalty, for he makes Vivienne Segal confess to John Brown, before his identity as prince is disclosed, that she would rather be fussed trying to talk to a prince than be at ease with plain John Brown. Maybe he applied his own psychology of telling the people what they want—since the audiences, themselves, don't speak up.

MR. AL WOODS occupies a place essentially his own as what is known in the profession as a play-picker, which translated means one who can detect box-office values in manuscripts. But as even, according to history, Homer was known to nod, the usually wide-awake Al must have been sound asleep when someone foisted on him this new edition of *Potash and Perlmutter*, a series that have long been popular. But this latest version, which shows them as detectives, is so utterly puerile and so foreign to the spirit in which these two Hebraic merchants were originally conceived that it has no excuse for being. Mr. Satz, during a large portion of the evening, was inaudible, so confidential were his smug and self-entertaining utterances. If the audience had worn that smile of approval only one-tenth of the time that Potash did, the evening would have been a delight. Wearing a wig that would have disgraced even a Corse Payton comic, the actor floundered through the piece, "cutting up" with the self-assurance of a village smarty. The plot of the piece was bewildering, but not more so than the cast. What Mathilde Connelly, a tried actress, was doing in this galley was one of the conundrums of the evening.

JOHN GOLDEN, whose shibboleth of "clean plays or none" may at times have scared off some theatre-goers who thought that, being merely clean, did not guarantee entertainment, has nothing to fear in his latest output, *Two Girls Wanted*. For at the Little Theatre he has on view a really delightful entertainment. It is accredited to Gladys Unger, staged by Winchell Smith. It is not impossible that the expert hand of the latter may have assisted the author, although Miss Unger has had a large experience in adapting foreign plays and has no doubt absorbed some valuable ideas on play construction.

The play starts out with gently cooing realism, showing the poor home life of two sweet young girls who have to struggle for a livelihood. Then it switches to the office of the employer of the younger of these girls, a man of big business. At this point the author stops cooing and

(*Continued on page 72*)

Footwear Made on the Real French Last

Afternoon Shoe

In Batik-colored kidskin, with attractive patent leather trimming.

Hosiery to match in all newest shades.

On request—
"Modes of the Moment."

CARCION MANFRE & Co.

MAISON (M) FRANCAISE

42 West 57th St. *New York* 15 West 50th St.

5 CRUISES to the West Indies & Spanish Main

Fascinating adventures in tropical seas where the glamour and romance of the buccaneer still live. Glorious voyages, not to seek buried gold but to find joy and health. Care-free days on board the ideal cruising steamer RELIANCE and shore excursions in lands of wonderful beauty and charm.

S. S. RELIANCE

sails from New York on five
"Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages"

DEC. 18	JAN. 8	JAN. 26	FEB. 26	MAR. 30
15 Days	15 Days	27 Days	27 Days	15 Days

15 Day Cruises—$200 and up 27 day Cruises—$300 and up

The RELIANCE is unsurpassed in size and appointments for tropical cruising. Luxurious lounges, winter garden ball room, spacious decks, sunlit swimming pool, gymnasium and many other features. The wide cruise experience of the management assures unexcelled service and comfort.

Descriptive literature sent on request

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

UNITED AMERICAN LINES, INC. *General Agents*

35-39 Broadway, New York 177 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 131 State St., Boston
230 South 15th St., Philadelphia 574 Market Street, San Francisco
or Local Steamship and Tourist Agents.

A lovely dinner gown of black and gold created by Patou and imported by Bergdorf-Goodman.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

616 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and grease-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

Now—a new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will combat oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below

MODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream—a way different from any you have ever known.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness you'll love.

Now a test is being offered. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

It will prove that, no matter how long you have removed cleansing cream with towels, paper substitutes, etc., you have never yet removed it *thoroughly* from your skin . . . have never removed it properly, or in gentle safety to your skin.

What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, *solely* for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in 2 sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6x7 inches . . 35c
Professional, sheets 9x10 inches. 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

It will combat skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way combats those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge. Mail it today—you will be delighted with what you receive.

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO. T-11
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

A Snooper Behind the Scenes

Not In a Cocoanut Grove

GROUCHO, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo—the fraternity of Marx Brothers was huddled together in Groucho's dressing-room during intermission—and visitors—not forgetting Herman Timberg, the vaudevillian.

When is a comedian? When he's off-stage. Chico and Zeppo needed air, they pleaded—and so did we who remained — so they left. In family groups there are always "favorites." If you quiz those who aren't (on Confession Day), they will admit that they feel a little resentful toward the "pets."

Wouldn't you naturally want to know how four brothers react toward favoritism displayed by audiences whose expressions are not as silent as parents? Well, I did.

The first thing I asked Harpo was: "Is there any professional jealousy among you?"

"Is there?" he seriously replied. "That's really our greatest handicap. We have come to violent blows repeatedly. Groucho, show her what I did to you last week."

"Shall I?" Groucho timidly asked.

"Certainly," Harpo said — retaining the same immobile expression that he does throughout *The Cocoanuts*.

Groucho raised the hem of his trouser-leg. Suddenly dropped it. "Oh, what do you think of that?" he said, snapping his fingers.

Alarmed that he might have irritated a wound, I said: "What's the trouble?"

"Will you be around here next week?" he gravely asked me.

"Why?" from me.

"Because if you will, I'll bring it in."

This is only one of the rapid-fire repartee which one expects from the Marx Brothers.

When Groucho and Harpo were called for their next act, Herman Timberg confided that the comedians' dressing-room, during intermissions, is always filled with actors who run in for a little humorous refreshment. By the way, did you know that the Marx Brothers are the nephews of Al Shean, of Gallagher and Shean?

Harpo came back to his dressing-room and had to tune up his harp for the next number.

"Are you always silent on the stage, Harpo?"

"Have been for ten years." Then he showed me a series of seventy cartoons called "The One-word Man," which I suppose is the theme of his success. The subject is a musician who during the entire course of his daily life finds no necessity of saying more than "Thanks."

When Harpo sat down to play—still in his dressing-room, a Hawaiian appearing in the next scene was standing in the hall, tuning up. Not knowing a word of English, he was summoned by "Mandolina."

"I may as well have him play with me as against me out there," from Harpo, and a duet followed.

What he played was some sentimental slush and really meant nothing musically, but the soul that was revealed behind that harp made me feel that Mamma Minnie Marx was justified in being proud of her "four boys."

"NEVER SAY DIE"

Says BLYTH DALY

EVERYTHING possible was done to discourage Blyth Daly from going on the stage. She was educated in a convent near Paris. She was warned, forbidden. But words are feeble things when environment is strong. Blyth Daly is the daughter of Mary Blyth (Mrs. Frank Craven) and Arnold Daly. She has been in the atmosphere of theatrical folk ever since she left the convent. Despite the fact that she was not given a single *line*, she appeared in fourteen plays in two years, representing as many different types as there were plays. Think of it. Not even a "Your carriage waits without" bit of oratory.

Other plays in which Blyth Daly has appeared—but in which she was not only seen, but heard, are *East is West,* as the singsong girl; *Redemption* (one entire line, unaided); *Happy Go Lucky,* a little girl of thirteen; *The Charm School; Spring Cleaning,* sophisticated British flapper. In 1924 Frank Craven wrote *New Brooms* for her.

When Lady Diana Manners took ill at a recent Actors' Equity Show, Blyth Daly, at a few moments' notice, took the star's part. She had to pose in wet draperies, and as a result of it contracted pleurisy. But "Never say 'die,'" says the aspirant.

A Book That No Amateur Group Can Do Without

PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES

BY CLARENCE STRATTON

The fullest, most up-to-date and helpful book on play producing; over seventy pictures of stage settings and scenes from plays successfully produced by amateur groups.

Chapters From the Book

Interest in Dramatic Production
Organizing an Amateur Group
Choosing the Play
Some Specimen Programs
Rehearsing the Play
Artistic Amateur Settings
Creating the Stage Picture
Costumes and Make-up
Lighting
Experimenting
Educational Dramatics
Annotated List of Two Hundred Plays for Amateurs

What the Reviewers Say

Brander Matthews in New York Times: "A model manual, sane and sensible, helpful and practical . . . A word of praise must be given to the many illustrations . . . selected to adorn this book. . . . Immediately helpful."

New York Literary Review: "The most important book for the small stage and one of the most practical additions to theatrical literature for some time past."

St. Louis Star: "The amateur producer is bound to appreciate these pages particularly."

Hartford Courant: "It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this book as a practical and stimulating help."

YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK FREE

"Producing in Little Theatres" sells at $2.90. You can get this invaluable book FREE with two yearly subscriptions—either two new, or an extension of your own subscription and one new subscription.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY

Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th St., New York.

Gentlemen:
I enclose herewith $8.00, for which please enter the following subscriptions and send me a copy of Clarence Stratton's book, "Producing in Little Theatres," FREE.

.....

.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

Foreign custom duties extra

A Stunning Style Going 'Round

HANAN SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

FATIMA

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The 1925 Bound Set THEATRE MAGAZINE

2 Volumes Bound in Green Silk Cloth

Fully Indexed

Price $10.00

Postage Extra

The authoritative encyclopedia of the stage through twenty-five years of successful publication. During that period:

2000 Plays have been reviewed 1924 Scenes of plays reproduced
8500 Portraits of players shown 1800 Special articles published

Do you ever wish to recall more vividly a play you have seen years ago? Or revive memories of the artistes who appeared at that time? Are you ever curious to read the criticism of a certain play? Or to refer to the costuming of it? Turn to The Theatre Magazine!

There is no college, school, club or public library of any importance where a complete file of The Theatre will not be found invaluable.

Theatre Magazine **2 West 45th St., New York**

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Concluded from page* 68)

puts some body blows into her play, the long arm of coincidence coming to her rescue, as it has done to many a struggling dramatist before. The young girls have answered an advertisement, "Two Girls Wanted," one as a cook, the other as parlor-maid, and of course get the jobs. Their motive in seeking menial work is the more profitable wage. Of course their new employers must be connected in some way with the man of big business. And, sure enough, he is having a big fight on his hands with people who foregather at the scene of these girls' new employment. There is not any especial interest in the outcome of this business fight—it serves merely as a vigorous backbone for the otherwise fragile story of the play. Its value lies in the artless charm of the younger girl, the parlor-maid, who falls in love with the young opponent of big business, and finally assists him in defeating the machinations of the latter.

The love story, which must of course not be allowed to run too smoothly, has its necessary misunderstandings, but they are charmingly handled and give Miss Nydia Westman another opportunity to prove that she is one of the best exponents of artlessness on our stage. Another character in the play is worth the price of admission, and that is the lady secretary to Big Business, played by Mary Phillips with such grace, poise and superb diction as to prove an outstanding factor in the play. The scene between these two young women, wherein each confesses to the other her overweaning though secret love for the business rivals, respectively, is one of the best written and acted episodes now before the public. If there were nothing else to secure the unquestionable success of Mr. Golden's venture, this scene would do it.

The play is crowded with incidents, not all of equal interest or worth, but all tending to furnish a real play and not merely an innocuous fairy-tale. The whole cast is fine. Mr. Frank Monroe was the real thing as the unscrupulous business man, eventually influenced by his devoted secretary. Mr. William Hanly as his young rival and the wooer of the parlor-maid, was all there and worthy of the sweet prize he won.

REEL-ISMS

(*Concluded from page* 36)

jecting comedy angles into the story. And Nellie—too, plays a rather important part in the film revolving around the swashbuckling adventures of the immortal poet and lover whose flowery words roll right off her back—Nellie is a duck!

ONE must get under the wings of a flapper to know her. The queen pin of them, Clara Bow, turns out to be "just the kid next door" in *Wings,* her latest—a story of the air service in the World War, which was born from the pen of John Monk Saunders.

ARE there any cheer leaders who can do handsprings, back flips and cart-wheels—regular cheer leaders? Six are needed to play in Richard Dix's next Paramount picture, *The Quarterback.* Here's your chance!

IN one scene of *Summer Bachelors,* the Fox photoplay of lovely girls and philandering fellows, Hale Hamilton had to make love to Madge Bellamy with his wife, Grace La Rue, looking on. "Fine, Hamilton!" complimented Director Allan Dwan. "You acted as though your wife were in Europe."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Beau Sabreur. By Percival Christopher Wren, author of *Beau Geste,* another stirring, colorful French Legion tale, published by Stokes, $2.

Show Boat. One of the best books of the season, surpassing *So Big,* another success of Edna Ferber. The romantic story of a wandering troupe of actors on the Ole Mississip—and the adventures of a girl who left that group to go to Chicago in the wide-open 90's. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

Bellarion the Fortunate. Sabatini's new romance, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, carries the inimitable style of the author. $2.50.

The Painted Room. Makes good reading for a few idle hours—271 pages. Published by Harper & Brothers. $2. The author is Margaret Wilson.

The Blue Castle. Interesting theme of the reaction of a woman who had been told she had but one year more to live. By L. M. Montgomery, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2 at all book-shops.

The Golden Dancer. By Cyril Hume, author of *Cruel Friendship* and *The Wife of the Centaur.* It is replete with repressed love, and portentously sympathetic. Published by George H. Doran Company. $2.

Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play. By Brander Matthews, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. As the dean of American playgoers, Mr. Matthews interestingly contrasts the old and new methods of the theatre, and discusses everything from his memories of actresses to scenic devices. $2.

THE NEW
HOTEL ELYSÉE
AND RESTAURANT
60 EAST 54TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY
NOW OPEN

MAX A. HAERING
PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

TELEPHONE PLAZA 1066

Golf at Belleair, Florida

THE Belleview Biltmore opens for the winter season on January 7th. There is every outdoor sport—bathing, fishing and boating; riding, motoring, tennis and trapshooting—but most of all there is *Golf.* ¶ Attractive cottages and bungalows with full housekeeping facilities or hotel service as desired, are available.

For information, write the New York office: The Biltmore

Direct train service to the Belleview grounds.

American Plan
Biltmore Cuisine

The Belleview Biltmore

A Bowman Biltmore Institution

ON THE WEST COAST

JOHN McENTEE BOWMAN—*President.* CHARLES A. JUDKINS—*Vice President.*

America's Smartest Resort Hotel
Famous for its European Atmosphere
Perfect Cuisine and Service
EUROPEAN PLAN
Single Rooms from $6 Double Rooms from $10
All rooms have private bath and command an unobstructed view of the ocean
NEW HYDRIATIC AND ELECTRIC-THERAPEUTIC DEPARTMENT
GUSTAVE TOTT, Manager

NEW YORK'S DISTINGUISHED RESIDENTIAL HOTEL

THE BARCLAY

The BARCLAY

111 EAST 48th STREET

¶ The PRESTIGE of The Barclay is now assured—the list of socially prominent individuals who have already signed leases has established this fact.

Long or short term leases may now be made—apartments of any desired size furnished or unfurnished. Rooms and apartments available for transient guests.

NOW OPEN

Write for information and brochure:

Managing Director
JOHN F. SANDERSON

Telephone: Van. 9761

Souvenirs of the summer sun *must go*

A coppery coat of tan—freckles—sallowness—squint lines—are now decidedly "de trop!"

WHITE shoulders—delicate complexions—smooth, ivory-toned arms—one simply must have them to shine in the New Yorker's fall social swirl!

So the salon of Helena Rubinstein for *anti-summer* treatments.

Trained attendants deftly pat in the potent creams and lotions created by this internationally renowned beauty specialist.

Fine squint lines at the eyes are molded out of existence—the coarsened skin gradually resumes a pleasing fineness—tan and freckles after a few treatments are safely bleached away.

* * *

Drive up to the 57th Street salon for an individual diagnosis of your complexion and contour needs. This service is complimentary.

* * *

In the privacy of your own boudoir, you will delight in the youthifying effects of Helena Rubinstein's *Valaze Beautifying Skinfood*—which bleaches and refines the skin, clearing away all relics of summer exposure. 1.00, 2.50, 4.00

For a stubborn coat of tan and dark, obstinate freckles, you will need *Valaze Freckle Cream.* 1.50, 2.50, 5.00

Daily use around the eyes and over all lines, crow's-feet, wrinkles and hollows, of *Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream* (Anthosoros) brings "youth" to the countenance. 1.75, 3.50, 6.00

For an oily nose and shiny skin—we recommend *Valaze Liquidine.* It instantly absorbs the shine and gives you the entrancing mat-like complexion that you admire in others! 1.50, 2.75

These—and other—Valaze Beauty Preparations are dispensed at the better stores by trained and competent advisers—or order direct from

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS CHICAGO DETROIT — VALAZE — LONDON BOSTON NEWARK

PHILADELPHIA

They Want to Know

Q. *Would you give me some details about Katharine Cornell?*—Jacqueline Leslie, Newport, R. I.

A. Katharine Cornell first appeared with the Washington Square Players in *Bushido* at the Comedy Theatre, New York, in November, 1916. After remaining some time with the Washington Square Players, she appeared in *The Gypsy Trail, Broken Threads, Captain Kidd, Jr., Lilac Time,* etc., with the Jessie Bonstelle company in Buffalo. She made her first real hit on Broadway as the flapper daughter in *A Bill of Divorcement.* Other appearances were as Mary Fitton in *Will Shakespeare,* Henriette in *Casanova,* Candida in the play of that name. Her most recent success is as Iris Fenwick in *The Green Hat,* at the Broadhurst, New York.

Q. *Is Seymour Hicks an American actor? I remember seeing him in New York many years ago but do not know his nationality.*

A. Seymour Hicks came to this country with the Kendals in 1889, playing juvenile rôles. Since then he has become quite an important figure on the London stage as actor, manager and playwright. He married Ellaline Terriss, daughter of William Terriss, the actor.

"WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE"

THIS valuable biographical record of the contemporary stage, compiled by John Parker, has been completely revised by the author and brought up to date. The new volume, just issued, contains nearly fifteen hundred closely printed pages. Three hundred and fifty new biographies have been added and there are now between two and three thousand biographical notices, including actors, actresses, managers, dramatic authors, composers, critics, scenic artists, designers, etc., in the United Kingdom and the United States. There are six hundred American biographies in the present edition.

The volume also contains a synopsis of playbills down to July 15 of the present year, a list of the most notable productions of the London stage from the sixteenth century down to date; royal command performances; Dr. J. M. Bulloch's tables of hereditary theatrical families, British and American, numbering nearly a hundred; an obituary containing over three thousand names, and a mass of other miscellaneous information.

Few other volumes devoted to the contemporary theatre contain such an incalculable number of facts and dates. The book is invaluable as a repository of theatrical data.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

for

CHRISTMAS!

The Ideal Gift

—And a gift your friends will appreciate, because it brings them twelve months of revel in Stageland!

Can you think of a gift that reflects the true Christmas spirit any better than that?

Of course you can't. There's only one THEATRE MAGAZINE—no other magazine in America has such powers of fascination; no other magazine has such a universal appeal among sophisticated people.

MAIL TO-DAY—BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS RUSH

SPECIAL: ONE subscription $4—TWO or more, $3 each

A beautiful Christmas card, with your name inscribed, will be mailed with each gift subscription.

THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, N. Y.

Enclosed find $....., for which please mail THEATRE MAGAZINE for one year to the following persons, sending each of them a Christmas card bearing my name.

Send to.....

Address.....

Send to.....

Address.....

Send to.....

Address.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

If you are not already a subscriber, you may subscribe for yourself and a friend.

Foreign Postage 50c additional per year

THE GREAT AMERICAN HABIT
To Ease Nose and Throat
TAKE A LUDEN'S
Millions Do

MORE than 5000 women wrote in during the past year, telling how Luden's Menthol Cough Drops had helped them and their families. The exclusive Luden Menthol blend gives quick relief to sufferers from hoarseness, coughs, colds, "flu" and other irritations of the air passages. Especially beneficial to children. More pleasant to take than cough medicine. Look for the yellow package—5c everywhere.

179

New
FORREST HOTEL
49th Street just West of Broadway
New York

The latest addition to New York's new hotels; in the heart of the theatre and business district and within easy access to all transportation lines. The Forrest offers beautifully furnished and sunny rooms; circulating ice water; restaurant at moderate prices.

300 ROOMS (each with bath and shower)

Booklet with map sent upon request

WM. F. THOMANN, Manager

Maybelline
DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN. Obtainable in solid form or waterproof liquid. 75c *at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Liquid Form

Solid Form

BE SURE ITS HENRY
"Other ROMEIKES *may* disappoint"
HENRY ROMEIKE
ORIGINAL
CLIPPING BUREAU
220 WEST 19TH STREET NEW YORK
Phone, Chelsea 8860

ORCHIDEW
CLEANSING SKIN LOTION

It soothes as it cleans!

ORCHIDEW is something new—a facial wash that takes the place of soap-and-water or cold cream and does something more—*invigorates the skin.* A towel-end dipped in ORCHIDEW cleans thoroughly and simply. After motoring, dancing, tennis, golfing or any sport; after shaving, ORCHIDEW is delightful.

For traveling—a bit of antiseptic cotton or Japanese tissue saturated with ORCHIDEW removes every trace of dust and cinders and does away with the unpleasantness of washing one's face in a public basin.

ORCHIDEW CORPORATION
2 West 45th Street, New York
Please send me a bottle of ORCHIDEW.
I enclose $1.50.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.

SHEER stockings have made De Miracle more than ever essential to the complete toilette. For 20 years well-groomed women have valued this *liquid* that quickly and gently removes hair *below* the surface of the skin. De Miracle is the oldest, the safest and the most completely effective depilatory.

60c, $1, $2—Everywhere, or direct from De Miracle, 138 West 14th St., New York

De Miracle

Health and beauty from the sea

A FRAGRANT dash of No. 4711 Bath Salts, and you find your daily tub as freshening and enlivening as an ocean dip! The water is caressingly soft, your skin is grateful—and there is that sparkling glow always associated with beauty.

No. 4711 Bath Salts

Made in U. S. A. by
MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc.
25 W. 45th St., New York
Branches: Chicago and San Francisco

Paris Boston
LABLACHE
"IT STICKS"
FACE POWDER
Known and loved by four generations
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
Write for free sample of face powder and Booklet illustrating new LABLACHE Creations
BEN LEVY CO., Dept. 53 125 Kingston St., Boston, U.S.A.

$2,000

PRIZE OFFER FOR PLAY MANUSCRIPTS

This amount will be paid in cash for plays suitable for amateurs and will be distributed as follows:

First—	$1,000
Second—	500
Third—	250
Fourth—	100
The last three—	50 each

The plays must be at least three acts, comedies, melodramas or serious plays. The costuming and settings should be simple; the plots clearly defined; the plays free from objectionable features.

Contest closes March 1st, 1927. Prize winners to be announced April 15th. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes, a prize of the amount offered will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Detailed information sent upon request.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
927 Filbert Street
Philadelphia

LONGMANS' PLAY SERIES — With the Director's Manuscript

New Plays Ready

A LUCKY BREAK, by Zelda Sears. 3 Acts; 1 Set; 9 m. 9 f. (Farce-Comedy)

THE BRAT, by Maud Fulton. 3 Acts; 1 Set; 4 m. 7 f. (Comedy)

IN PREPARATION

THE ENEMY
by Channing Pollock

Notable Amateur Successes

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING
by John Emerson and Anita Loos
ICEBOUND, by Owen Davis
ENTER MADAME, by Gilda Varesi
A MENNONITE MAID
by Helen Martin
SECOND CHILDHOOD
by Zellah Covington and Jules Simonson

Send for New Fall Play Catalog

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
55 Fifth Avenue New York

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

For 42 Years America's Leading Institution for Dramatic Art and Expression
Prepares for
Acting *Teaching* *Directing*
Develops Poise and Personality
for use in any vocation in life
NEW WINTER CLASS BEGINS JAN. 15
Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Free Catalog describes all Courses from
Room 172 "K" CARNEGIE HALL, New York

Scenery
Stage Settings
Draperies

Never fail to increase the richness of your theatre.

Send for Booklet No. 55

NOVELTY SCENIC STUDIOS
226 W. 47th St., New York City.

SCHOOL of the THEATRE AND THRESHOLD PLAYERS

CLARE TREE MAJOR — FRANK CRAVEN
WALTER HAMPDEN — ELSIE FERGUSON
GEORGE ARLISS — ERNEST TRUEX

Students play five times weekly for six months before graduation—Professional Directors Only—Scenic Design—Production—Dancing—Fencing—Pantomime—Voice Development—Shakespearean Reading—Playwriting, etc.—Day and Evening Classes. *Winter term opens January 4th.*

Director, Clare Tree Major

Princess Theatre, 104-T W. 39th St., N.Y.C.

STUDIO FOR THE THEATRE
THEODORA IRVINE, Director
PUBLIC PERFORMANCES OF PLAYS
A Special Course in Acting in Small Groups
Stage Technique, Pantomime, Voice, Fencing, Rhythmic Dancing, Make-Up, Rehearsal of Plays. Teacher of Alice Brady. Work Sponsored by Eva Le Gallienne, Edith Wynne Matthison, Mr. & Mrs. Coburn, Charles Rann Kennedy.
31 Riverside Drive - - New York City

INTER-THEATRE ARTS, INC.
42 Commerce Street
NEW YORK
School of Acting and Production

SMALL PLAYS FOR SMALL CASTS
by Elizabeth Hall Yates
Seven unusually clever plays of special interest to Drama League members and for Little Theatre production. $1.50
The Penn Publishing Co., Phila.

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.
PLAYS
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70 Chicago

GLORIA SWANSON AND HER CREW

(*Continued from page* 39)

Alphonse the Twelfth—not forgetting the decoration from a sultan, after having sung in the harem.

"Was that for good behavior?" I ventured.

"No," he shot back, "compensation."

"What character besides this, of impresario, would you care to play, Mr. Segurola?"

"Well," pointing to his clear, *smooth* brow and continuing the movement to the nape of his neck, "I can hardly play the sheik any longer—but I might be able to play the sheik's father."

"Do you think you will ever return to the operatic stage?" I was curious to find out.

"I feel toward singing much as the drunkard who has quit the habit, fears smelling liquor."

FLORENCE FAIRE

AND there was Florence Faire, the niece of Douglas Fairbanks, who changed her name from "Fairbanks" to "Faire," in order that she might have the chance of acquiring a personal success, as she put it, rather than a family stamp. Miss Faire comes direct from the Ramona Convent, in California, and promises to add a certain naïveté as the sister of Gloria Swanson in the first picture.

JOHN BOLES

ONE can evidently reach Gloria Swanson's mind through song. (Incidentally, did you know that before entering motion pictures she had studied voice for many years and that much hope was held out for her vocal career?) One evening, as usual, John Boles was singing the lead in *Kitty's Kisses*, quite ignorant of the fact that he was passing a preliminary screen test. At the end of the performance Gloria Swanson and Mr. Parker sent word to Mr. Boles to appear at the projection rooms next day for a further screen test.

"Were you nervous?" I asked.

"No—anxious," he replied. "Most peculiar," he went on, "I wasn't nervous over the test, which included my answering a telephone, besides the usual registerings—but despite the fact that I had been making up for a few years, the morning of the screen test my hands and the make-up were all twisted."

Mr. Boles, who had studied singing under Jean de Reszké abroad, had the lead, two years ago, in *Little Jessie James*. He was leading man for Geraldine Farrar in *The Love Spell* also. Singular how an embryonic physician and a left-handed baseball pitcher at the University of Texas develops into an actor.

As I arose to say "good-bye" to Mr. Boles, he rather modestly and sincerely suggested: "May I ask that you don't speak of me as a find—but instead let my work show it?"

ANDERS RANDOLPH

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks starred in *The Black Pirate*, he chose Anders Randolph as the pirate chief. He is a capable character actor and was selected by Miss Swanson as the millionaire husband.

There was a vociferous exchange of felicitations. Ian Keith, who also played in many films with Gloria Swanson and Hugh Miller, cinema and dramatic actor of England (who has never before appeared in American films), also added to the general spirit of good-fellowship.

With Captain on the bridge and the crew assigned to its post, the *Gloria Swanson* ship was launched and is now well on the way.

ANOTHER "ART" THEATRE FOR MOTION PICTURES

ANNOUNCEMENT is made by Michael Mindlin, the Broadway producer, that he has assumed management of the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, at 66 Fifth Avenue, between 12th and 13th Streets, and will open the house early in October as a motion picture theatre.

The policy of the theatre will be devoted to the presentation of European and American pictures of artistic interest and distinction. There will be revivals of past productions that merit reviewing, with interesting short subjects that do not ordinarily find place in the usual motion picture programs. Several novelties are being planned as special features of the Playhouse programs. One of these will be the weekly showing of the news reels of considerably greater length than those shown ordinarily.

The Playhouse is an intimate one, seating just under 300 persons. The interior is built and decorated in old English style, extremely simple and free from garish distractions, forming a fine background for the viewing of pictures. A lounge leading from the auditorium is furnished with upholstered chairs and small tables, as a smoking- and general reception-room for men and women patrons. There will be a number of special little features designed to minister to the comfort of patrons.

MILLER R. THEATRICAL COSTUMIER
236 So. 11TH ST. PHILA., PA.
COSTUMES-WIGS ETC. TO HIRE FOR ANY PLAY-CANTATA-OPERA-TABLEAUX ETC.
HISTORICALLY CORRECT
CATALOGUE & ESTIMATE FURNISHED.

PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine,
2 West 45th Street New York

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.